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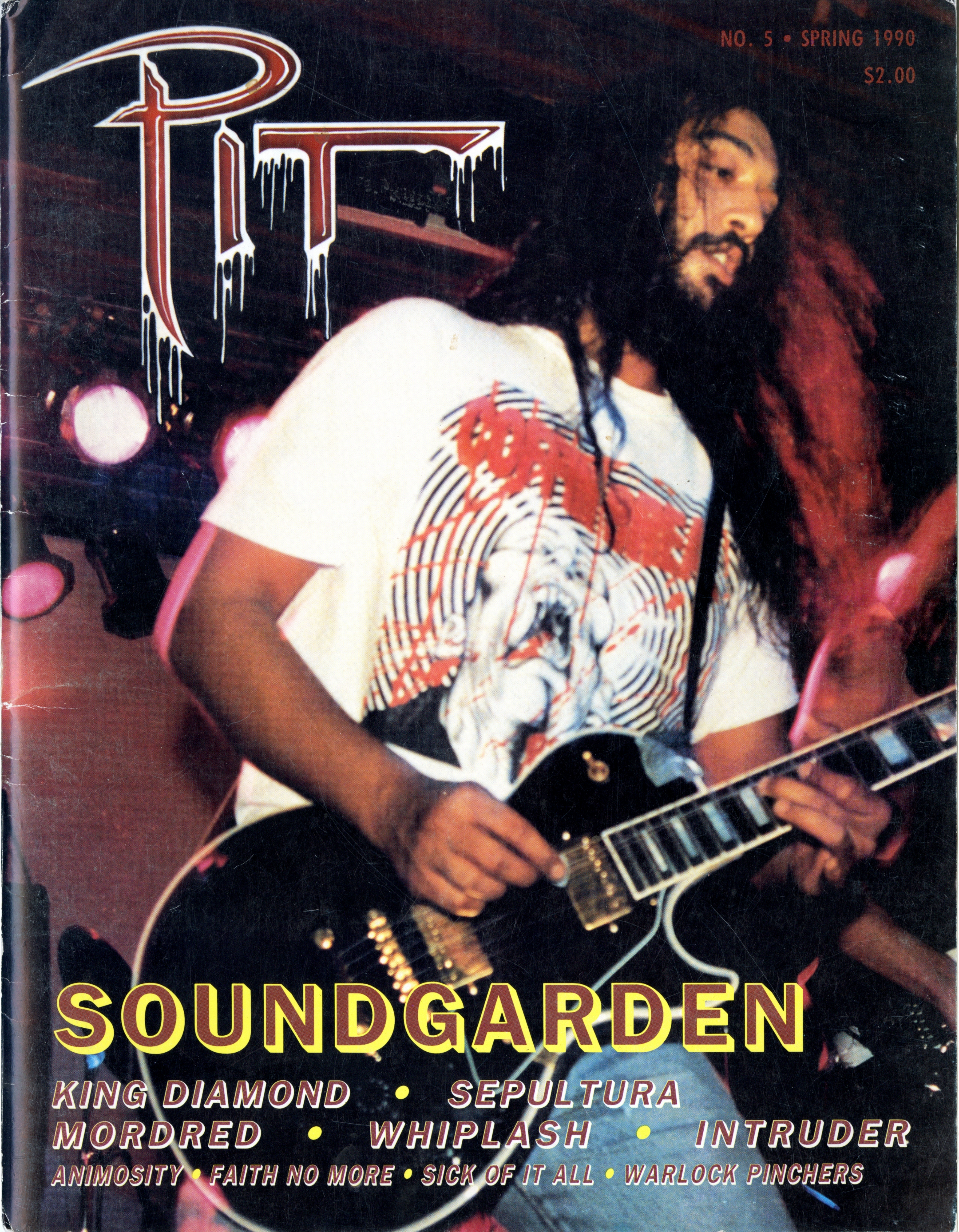

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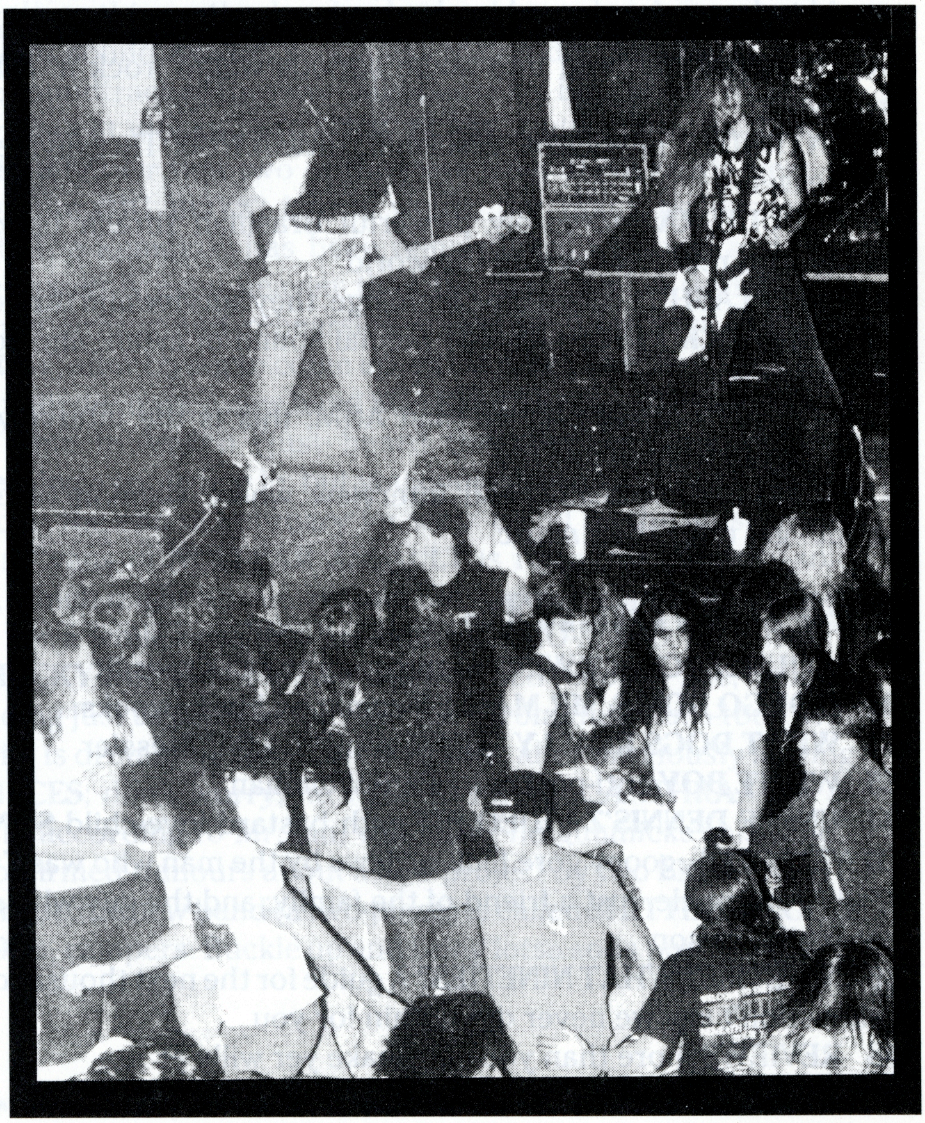

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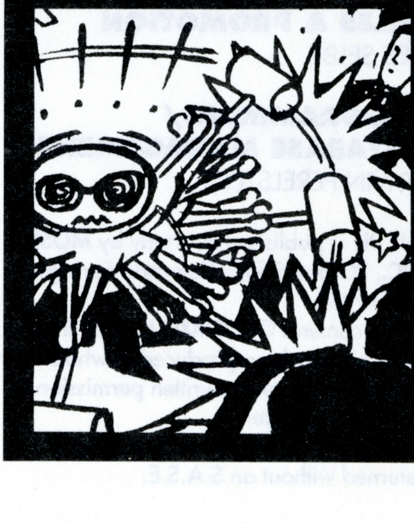


COUNTERCLOCKWISE

ALL THE NEWS THE PIT SEES FIT....edited by Patrick Barber

Ronny Eide and **MORBID** Magazine have moved to Sweden, new address is Postvagen 11 A, 773 00 FAGERSTA, Sweden...Chris from **GANG GREEN** had a kid, well his wife did, anyway...**ANIMOSITY**'s ballbustin' record "Get Off My Back" is finally out, and it was worth the wait cause fuck, it's good...**BLISTERING BODY PUS** have changed two members, the guitarist and bassist, and they now hope to spout their fluids more regularly...**PRONG** are on Epic Records. The studio work for their forthcoming lp "Beg To Differ" is complete and the album should be out soon...**VIOLENT DEGENERATES** are hard at work on a new release...**JIM FOETUS** jammed with **VOIVOD**'s drummer Away on the upcoming album "FOETUS INC." on England's Some Bizarre Records....**FORBIDDEN** are working on their second lp for COMBAT (see article this issue)...Jason **BONHAM** is among the people on this earth who simply *should not* play drums, but his vocalist's midiverb makes him sound like LZ, so I guess they'll do...San Fran's **LAAZ ROCKIT** are featured on the soundtrack of the new "Nightmare On Elm Street" flick, and are currently touring with balls-out monsters **GOTHIC SLAM**...Didja know that Duff of **G'N'R** used to play in the **FARTZ**? Or that two of the guys from **JUNKYARD** were in Austin hardcore funk kings the **BIG BOYS**? Life is weird, but that's no excuse at all...**SEPULTURA**'s "Beneath The Remains" has been re-mastered, re-mixed and now comes with lyrics, and is apparently even heavier than the first version (this I gotta hear!); also, they're currently writing and rehearsing songs for their next lp, to be recorded in May...**LUDICHRIST**, after trying to come up with a new name, have officially split; Tommy Christ and Paul Nieder have a new band **SCATTERBRAIN**, with an In-Effect lp "Here Comes Trouble" due in March (just heard the advance tape - fuckin rocks!!)...**THE WHO** are releasing a triple-live lp, but you could give a fuck...**DEATH** and **DEVASTATION** hit the road at the end of February for what could be the most brutal double bill of all time...Glen Evans of **NUCLEAR ASSAULT** is releasing a mostly-solo album under the name **CIA**, which might be new to you, but we've had two of his tapes in the MOSH PIT catalogue for a while now...Mackie quit the **CRO-MAGS**, and they're lookin for someone new...**MUCKY PUP**'s new album will be titled "Scooby See, Scooby Doo" and they'll start recording just as soon as they get back from their Euro-tour with **BIOHAZARD**...Armand Majidi is drumming for **SICK OF IT ALL**, after previously leaving SOIA to play in **REST IN PIECES**; don't worry, he's still in RIP too...**ANTHRAX** are at work on their fifth lp, which, according to Mr. Ian, will have "no gimmicks this time," whatever that means...Unconfirmed rumours about a new project by two **EXPATRIATE** members are floating in the mist; the new band (a two-piece) is called **SHITTING BLOOD PUPPIES**...Welcome to the 90's, campers. Buckle up and bring lotsa soda pop, it's gonna be a long trip.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE is the direction in which all Pits rotate, at least in the Northern Hemisphere. No studies have yet been conducted regarding Southern hemisphere pits, although the question has been asked.

SICK OF IT ALL

Every now and then in the spectrum of hardcore music, there comes a band who have no pretentions about what they do...who make no claims to revolutionise the hardcore sound...who pump out pure, unadulterated, hardcore power. SICK OF IT ALL is one such band. With their debut lp "Blood, Sweat, and No Tears," (In-Effect) ripping up radio charts around the nation, they're bound to make their mark on people's ears.

SICK OF IT ALL's total-hardcore assault gets the adrenalin pumping even in your living room. We've never had the pleasure of seeing them live, but we assume it's no walk through the garden.

"There's always fights, but that's a given thing," says guitarist Pete, "When you have a bunch of people ramming into each other, diving off the stage, someone's bound to get rubbed the wrong way. Then there's the dicks who just go to shows to start fights without reason."

"After we played a show in New Rochelle, NY, there was a big fight going on, and I was walking out the side of the venue, loading equipment into the van. One of the cops had one of our friends in hand cuffs, and all the other cops were hitting him. I went over and asked what the fuck was going on, and one of the cops hit me with a stick. So I turned around and he swung at me again, and I blocked it, and then all the other cops jumped me and arrested me. "Injustice System" was written about that."

" 'Bullshit Justice' is from a different point of view, like from both ends...'Injustice System' is about people who didn't do anything being arrested; 'Bullshit Justice' is about real criminals and the lawyers who get them off.

We just shot a video for 'Injustice System,' and the lawyers from the record company said we would be sued because we used footage from the Tompkins Square riot...we used a lot of faces, cops' faces and stuff, and that's against the law."

The video did see the light of day, but not before some selective editing was made...some of the faces were digitized-out, so they're unrecognizable. The riot footage is spliced in with live band footage, and the combination of nameless faces being beaten in a park next to frantic, flailing musicians and fans makes for a powerful, effective video. We doubt it'll ever get on MTV but it's receiving play on CONCRETE's RetailVision in a store near you.

The future for SICK OF IT ALL sees a new record (they're writing/rehearsing presently), and some more live-action. By now they've hit the east coast with EXODUS and done a more extensive national journey as well. Their ultra-tight explosive attack gained them some fans of a different stripe on their jaunt with EXODUS.

"We have a big hardcore following on the east coast," explains Pete, "but none of the metal/thrash kids had heard us. So we did a metal east coast tour. We were playing in front of EXODUS fans, people who'd never even heard of us before, and everyone got into it. There wasn't one 'off' night. They'd never seen a band like us, doing what we do."

-Patrick Barber

FORBIDDEN

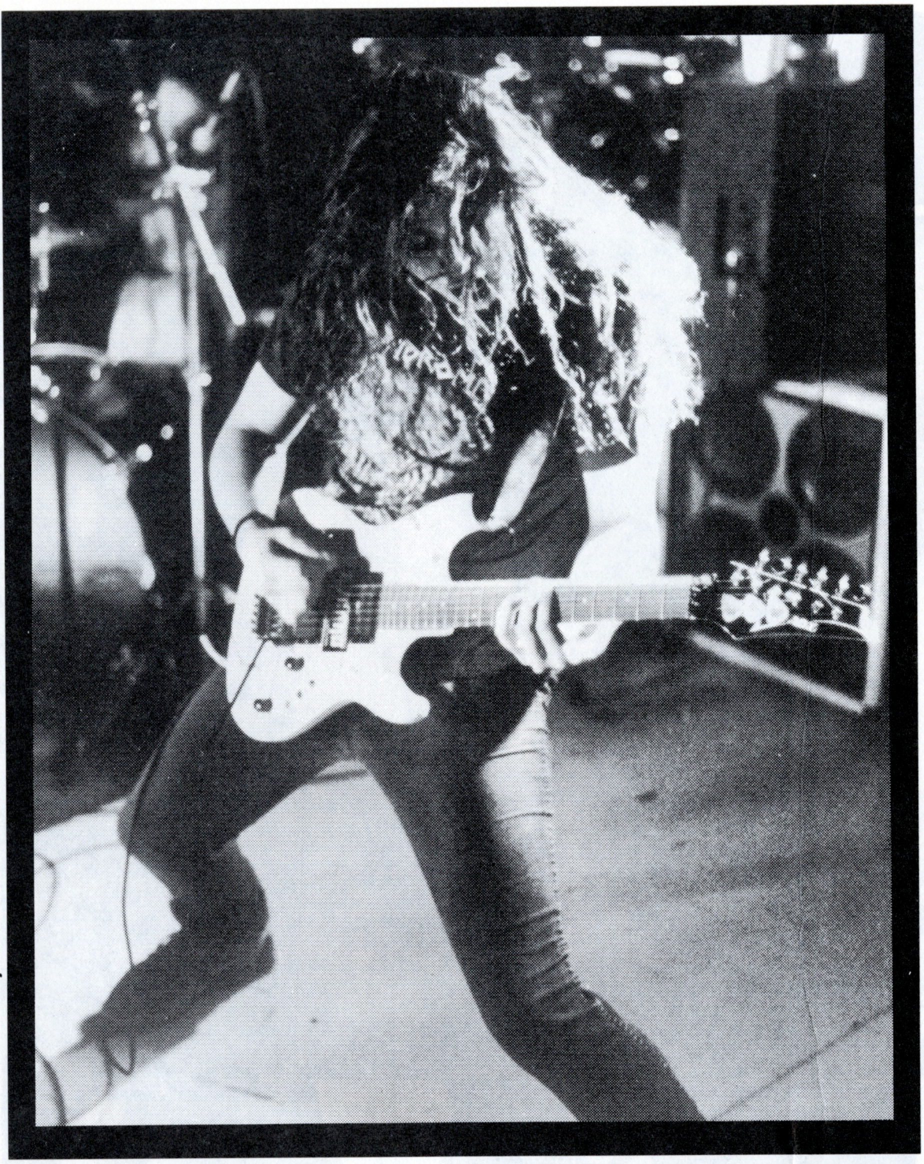


Photo: Andrew Frey

A dream. You have no idea how to play a guitar but you've got one. When you bash on it loud & hard it sounds loud, hard and good. You bash on the guitar until you figure out how to make it do what you want. Then you start a band. You play a lot, bust ass, get a record out, tour, and your music spreads.

You wake up. You're standing on a stage with your guitar. You're in a big park, in Europe somewhere, at a huge outdoor metal-fest. Thousands of people are sitting out there on the grass, waiting for you to rouse them from their drunken stupors. Whaddya gonna do?

"I walked out on stage with a hard-on," says guitarist Craig Locicero. "What are you gonna think? 26,000 people, and we're playing with SAVATAGE, SACRED REICH, ARMORED SAINT. What else can you do but pop a stiff one?"

What else, indeed. By now FORBIDDEN are practically a thrash-household word; touted by th' ever-wacky music press as "the next METALLICA," they're one of the smoothest, most erection-causing thrash bands around. Russ Anderson's vocals ride the fine line between harsh and melodic, veering atop Craig and Tim's searing, precise guitars and Matt and Paul's thunderous, fluid-speed rhythms.

In case you haven't caught it yet, that little Dynamo gig was immortalised on an ep, "Raw Evil-Live At The Dynamo." So with two righteous records under their proverbial belts, FORBIDDEN are now at work creating their third molten masterpiece. Expect what you will...get a boner if you want. After all, the best things are always FORBIDDEN.

-Patrick Barber

FAITH NO MORE

"We don't eat that well, but at least we don't have to get jobs," says FAITH NO MORE guitarist Jim, "We're living off it. It's a good thing."

A good thing, indeed. After two albums and a few years of silence, FAITH NO MORE are back in the spotlight with their new lp "The Real Thing" and a tour of the U.S. and Europe. Boasting a new vocalist, Mike Patton, and a couple years of studio finesse, "The Real Thing" stands out as their hardest and most accessible album to date.

FAITH NO MORE played in Denver in September, as a last minute addition to the SACRED REICH/FORBIDDEN show. The thrashers that were packed into Club Maxxx after FORBIDDEN's set weren't prepared for FAITH NO MORE's funk-grunge-damage-rock assault. Most of them stayed put, looking confused and unsure of what to do or think.

"We won some of them over, I think," said vocalist Mike Patton after the show. "The booing stopped after a while. I liked the part where everybody put their fingers up."

I suggested that the crowd wasn't so much disappointed as they were amazed; the people who were booing and whining in the beginning stayed inside for the whole set, standing with blank gaping looks on their faces.

"Yeah, this happens sometimes," Mike said, "I'd rather get a weird response like that than a bored one, or some lame kind of weak approval. I like to turn heads."

Heads will turn, believe me. Having completed a tour with METALLICA last fall, FAITH NO MORE will soon head out on tour with VOIVOD and SOUNDGARDEN to conquer the world.

So FAITH NO MORE, after underground beginnings and a long silence, are now the real thing. A good thing. And now that they don't even have jobs, they can focus all their time and attention on the band, right?

"Not really," explains Jim. "We just get lazy and fuck off, but at least we don't have to work. We meet deadlines when we have to, otherwise we're lazy. But we can't imagine any other life...nothing else is even considered."

A good plan, and a better band. Keep an ear out for FAITH NO MORE.

-Patrick Barber

FETCHIN

BONES

Hope Nicholls carries herself like an aloof intellectual, a streetsmart fashion-disaster farmgirl of sorts. We're shootin pool and talking at Tulagi's in Boulder, just before their show. We're playing some weird game called "Screw Your Buddy" or something, a game designed for multi-players, but one player, guitarist Aaron Pitkin, has gone off to do his sound check, and we've completely screwed up the whole game, so now we're just blindly shooting balls into pockets. She's talking about the new record, "Monster," how it's their best one yet, and how it gets the live sound down on vinyl.

"Your last one did that pretty well," we say.

"Yeah, 'Galaxy 500' was good," she says, "but it was done in a big hurry, which is why it got that raw, unrefined delivery. This time, we spent a long time in the studio getting it all just right, so it would sound like it had a raw, unrefined delivery."

Kinda like Picasso trying to paint like a child, we think, but we don't say anything.

FETCHIN BONES means one of two things: either "go get dem bones" or "nice set o' bones y'got, ma'am." I dunno if they made up that whole thing or what, they're from North Carolina, not me. The BONES started out in 1983 with founding members Hope and Aaron. In 1985 they released a 7" ep on Georgia's dB Records. Then they got signed to Capitol and released "Bad Pumpkin," their first lp, in 1986. The current lineup solidified for the 87 release of "Galaxy 500", with Clay on drums, Errol on lead guitar, and Danna on bass/violin.

FETCHIN BONES play neck-cranin' country-ass funky rock punk stuff, the kind that makes ya wanna shake yer pants. Their songs range from big hefty rockers ("Bonework," "Spot") to soft luvvy ballads ("Deep Blue") to funky jams ("Love Crushin," "Sammy"). The music is hard, punchy and intricate; the lyrics are shaped carefully to fit each song. The new album is "Monster," and a monstrous rock n roll thing it is indeed.

-Ed Th' Head

ANIMOSITY

After several years of thrashing the state of Colorado into tiny whimpering bits, ANIMOSITY are finally ready to take the world by storm. With the release of their new record "Get Off My Back" and a tour in the works, there is only one one thing for certain.

The FUTURE is something you must either desire or fear. Inevitably you will be face to face with ANIMOSITY.

Hale, vocals; Bill, guitar; Nick, guitar; Scott, bass; Pete, drums.

THE NEW RECORD

It came out great, we had a good time recording it. Got in there and did what we wanted, much more so than the first ep.

THE BEST SONG

I like the plot stimulation of "Get Off My Back"...the father punishes the child...the child rebels, and in the end, the father gets his head shot off. And then we get ourselves into a lawsuit.

FOUNDATIONS FORUM 89

We went to LA for the forum this year; we got on their "Shape Of Things To Come" compilation tape with a song from our first 7", and we wanted to see what it was all about. We saw lots of great bands, met a lot of people, hung out on the strip...basically stayed drunk for four days.

FUTURE

We're doing some regional stuff now...playing shows in Denver, New Mexico, Wyoming...when the record starts to get going we'll do some more touring and get out of the southwest. We're looking to showcase at a convention in Texas in March, so we'll see what happens with that.

CHICKS IN KANSAS

About a year ago we did a little midwestern tour with SACRED REICH and we're still getting response...this little clan of crazed Kansas teenage girls who write us letters that read like Penthouse Forum things. Hi all you girls in Kansas, send us your birth certificates because we don't believe you're eighteen.

COLORADO

Colorado's a fuckin' desolate place, everything closes at ten o' clock. But the mountains are cool, skiing's great even though we never go, the Broncos are pudwacks. The state doesn't have a claim to fame yet so we figure we'll be it.

- Ed Th' Head

ANIMOSITY
P.O. BOX 9545
COLORADO SPRINGS, CO 80932

ALL HAIL THE KING

King Diamond and his band of malcontents burn down the Aztlan on a dark Halloween night...

Photo: Andrew Frey

Now and then there looms a gig which is apart from most other gigs; somehow cloistered with a strange and unutterable Magnitude, all-consuming and ultimately meaningless. This is what we gripped ourselves for when, three weeks before the night of the show, we agreed to produce KING DIAMOND. And we leaped right in; silly rumours were already floating around Denver regarding peripheral aspects of the show, so cranking up th' gossip mill was fairly simple. After the posters were masterfully hand-lettered by a 15th century trappist monk who lives in the MOSH PIT cellar, they reached outposts far and wide in a frenzy of road trips, spasms and mailroom gymnastics.

As we drove around Denver on the day of the show, an air of tepid calm pervaded. We knew everything was ready. We just had to wait until five, then show up at the Aztlan and start throwing our ever-present In Yer Face Mosh Pit Newsstand together in the lobby of the ancient theatre.

KING DIAMOND

Wendy was not so lucky. After arriving at the Aztlan at, verily, eleven in the morning, she faced the Twelve Tasks of the King himself, with the assistance and gallivanting of twenty or so of his closest friends. After hunting down a stage barrier (really a plastic wall with fifteen people behind it) and feeding all the roadie types, it was time for tea. Or time to set it up, anyway. "Tea," says non-English-speaking Road Manager #2. "Okay," says Wendy, loading up with tea and cups and honey and one of those metal hot-water things and putting it all on the tour bus, surrounded by the insistent moans of cheap porno flicks on the bus VCR. Road Manager #2 shows up again, carrying a couple thermoses. "Tea," he says, "Tea."

"It's on the bus," Wendy says.

"Make the tea," he continues, motioning with the thermoses.

"It's on the bus!"

"Fifty minutes before show," says Road Manager #2. "Tea must be ready."

Anyway according to most accounts this went on for an unbearable amount of time. Grandma never had obstacles like this.

Meanwhile, the huge stage set was carried piece by piece through the treacherous stairwell, and slowly constructed. The stage set, designed by King and an illusionist friend, consists of King's Grandma's house, including a balcony, an upper window, a couple passageways through it all, and a grave.

By the time we showed up, the stage was all ready to go and the King & Co. were doing a sound check. People were lined up around the building and getting impatient. Finally the sound check finished, the doors opened, and people poured in as ANIMOSITY rushed to get their gear on stage. Then ANIMOSITY started their set. The crowd wasn't expecting such instant gratification upon entry, and they complied by going apeshit, thrashing all over the place. ANIMOSITY played a tight, hard set, the best live performance we've seen by them. Highlights were "No Pacification" and "Get Off My Back."

ANIMOSITY was the only opener, and after their set, the KING came on with his band of maniacs for an hour-and-a-half long set comprising his new songs, songs from "Them" and older material, loosely piecing together the story from "Them" and "Conspiracy." The band blazed through classics like "Nuns Have No Fun" and "Family Ghost," even going back to MERCYFUL FATE songs, flowing through the Royal Legacy of albums, before bringing us to the present state of the King's world...at which point the tale began. The special effects were amazing; at one point King lopped off the top half of his mother, who was pushing a baby carriage. The lower half kept walking, pushing away. At the end of the story, King is done away with and cremated; on stage, he was placed in a coffin that was set on fire. The sides burned away to reveal a charred skeleton.

Watching King Diamond's show was an experience somehow different from most shows. Usually we wonder what the band will sound like live. This time we wondered what they would do. The band played impeccably, without fault. The King's new drummer, a big Nordic guy named Snowy Shaw, put to rest any uncertainties about Mikkey Dee's absence. Guitarists Andy and Pete flailed and intertwined their sonics with the King's voice and the music. The audience's attention was so taken up by the theatrics on stage that they didn't thrash around much, just stood gaping in awe. A uniquely Halloween experience, particularly in the post-gothic confines of the Aztlan.

-Patrick Barber

Photo: John Vinson

libido boyz

article and photographs by patrick barber

One aspect of this screamin' underground music era that makes it particularly energetic is that most bands start out when the members are only 15 or 16 years old, in their prime for straight-up un-self-conscious musical outbursts. Sometimes these young bands fade soon, and the members continue in other bands. But some "first bands" carry on, with most of the members and the name intact, and develop over periods of years into a completely different sound. And the name starts to carry a different meaning; it's almost as if the band develops musically around their own interpretations of what they have called themselves.

When the LIBIDO BOYZ began in 1987, they were just that. Frenzied with hormonally charged angst, and needing a way to get it out.

Jeff, guitarist:"When we first started, we were doing it as some kind of whim, I guess. We'd just graduated from high school, so we were like "let's start a band." We thought of a goofy name, and did goofy little songs, and people liked it! So we kept doing it, and here we are. We just wanna take it as far as we can, to as many people as possible; and the best way to do that is through live music."

The first time I saw the BOYZ was at a show in September of 1987 at world-renowned DJ's Nightclub. They had just started playing, and their songs were simple, loud, and sloppy but still had a definite groove buried somewhere. Over the next couple years I watched them progress through their first demo to their first ep "Malicious Hooliganism," which was when the "new" libido began pouring out. With their new singer, Billy, founding members Dustin, Chad and Jeff, on bass, drums and guitar respectively, had pushed their music from a ranting, loosely directed explosion to a tightly controlled, dynamic-melodic attack, carefully executed and skilfully composed. Learning music by playing it is basically like learning how to fuck; at first it's fun but confusing and sloppy, then when you get better, you know when to get loud, when to get soft, when to speed up, stop, slow down, and, of course, how to stay in tune. And with a name like LIBIDO BOYZ, the connection between music and sex becomes almost something to aspire to. Their most recent ep, "It's All So Obvious," brings the sound to a newer front; their style is turning into a monstrous expression of years of pent-up sexual/emotional aggression, twisting and cavorting through intensely tight arrangements. And they've also got an lp out, "Hiding Away," on England's First Strike Records. After they did all this recording they came upon another guitarist, Terry, who was playing with them on last summer's tour.

"We'd always thought about getting a second guitar player," recalls Jeff, "but we'd never followed anything up. Billy and Terry had been in a band together once, and Billy was telling us about Terry one day, and we called him up and asked him if we wanted to play for us. He said yeah, and there we were, it was

LIBIDO BOYZ

that easy. Now we're able to get a lot of the guitar harmonies, ones that I recorded using overdubs and stuff, we're able to get them going on stage, and practising and stuff. So it's changed our sound totally, because instead of me trying to jam with myself, there's another person with totally different ideas playing along with me. Terry's into blues stuff, weird jazz chords and things; I'm totally self taught, I just make up stuff that sounds good. I figure once you can make a guitar do anything you want, anything that pops into your head, that's when you have a style. We get bored with things fast, so we always change songs, see what we can do with them. It's like a big exploration."

"And since we live in Mankato, Minnesota," adds Billy, "we're not subject to the environment or extremely active music scene of, say, Minneapolis, or New York or Seattle. People have less expectations of your music when there's no big "fad sound" around to judge it by; and we're less influenced by some "sound" and more reliant on influencing ourselves, whatever that means."

Whatever it may mean, the LIBIDO BOYZ "influenced themselves" into the heads of plenty of people during their three-show Colorado assault last summer. I felt lucky; I felt like I'd watched childhood friends turn into something that I could really believe in, something that was fantastic beyond the people who made it. Of course, everyone else at the gigs had a great time too; the BOYZ had the kids up against the stage, and at some points in the songs when they'd stop/start/go quiet and rhythmic, always building to an explosion, people would lose their shit, get totally wrapped up with the passion of the music; a situation not often described at our patently attitude-ridden punkarocka gigs. Music, like sex, is something that brings people together in a tight and intimate way; the best part about music is that you can do it in public, with bad breath, with people you never met.

LIBIDO BOYZ
1625 Commerce Dr. #1
N. Mankato MN 56001

I N T R

Photo: Patrick Barber

Blazin straight outta Thrashville, Tennessee, INTRUDER rattle yer brain and rock yer socks. Just cause they're from shit-kickin country don't mean their metal's soft; and it don't mean they sit around spittin reeds at each other all day neither. Nope. INTRUDER bash out hefty riffs and powerful, ominous vocals...and they play a hell of a Monkees cover, too.

Created in 1985, INTRUDER set their pace quickly, playing in and around Tennessee and releasing their debut album, "Live To Die," on Ironworks Records in 1987. It was also in 1987 that they were voted "Best Speed Metal Band" in the yearly poll of the Nashville music paper "The Metro"; their album was nominated along with the likes of Steve Earle, John Hiatt, and the Royal Court Of China.

In 1989 they added rhythm guitarist Greg Messick to the already-mighty foursome of Jimmy Hamilton (vocals), Arthur Vinnett (lead guitar), Todd Nelson (bass), and John Pieroni (drums). With this team intact, they set forth to record their latest album, "A Higher Form Of Killing," for Metal Blade Records.

"We got the title of the record, and a lot of lyrical ideas, from a man named Franz Haber, a Nobel Prize winner and pioneer of chemical warfare," explains Vinnett. "Haber called chemical warfare a 'higher form of killing,' in that it's clean, cheap and quick. But the idea of war being clean and quick, in a practical sense, is more than just evil. It's as if Haber looked at war as a duty which must be done, and chemical warfare as the most efficient way to do it. Of course, the stuff fucks with the ecosystem too. But the point we're trying to stress is the way people think of other people as humans. We see death everyday, yet it's only a pile of statistics. The chemical warfare is an extreme case, but millions of Americans

U D E R

INTRUDER
INTRUDE
COVER ME

Photo: Patrick Barber

watch violence occur in the Middle East, South Africa, wherever, and look at it in the same cold, pragmatic way."

The music INTRUDER use to carry such a bleak message is fast, thick, and geared towards musically voicing the bleak, ominous nature of their ideas. Instead of just dropping words into a song, the music and lyrics are related and coherent, intensifying the power of both elements at once. The big question, as always, is why? Does anyone really listen to thrash lyrics? Do the words affect listener's thoughts and actions?

"It does us a lot of good, I know that much," contends Vinnett. "We don't think of our songs as trying to do any greater societal good, but this is what we feel strongly about and we want our music to reflect that. It's an emotional rush to play the songs, and we can really carry the intensity. These are issues that concern us, and I guess it's a way of coping with it, of trying to do something about it and trying to get people to be more socially conscious...not who to affiliate yourself with, but to familiarize yourself with your world and make your own decisions."

Then, amidst all this, lies a rockin-like-shit cover of the Monkees/punk/trash perennial, "Steppingstone."

"It started out at practice," says Pieroni. "We loved playing it so we tried it out live. Now people go off on it and even yell for it...'Monkees! Monkees!' We're all big Monkees fans. It was just gonna be an extra track on the CD but we put it on everything. We have a lot of serious shit on this record, and nothing offsets it better than 'I'm Not Your Stepping Stone'."

Indeed. Anyway, if you can't tell from these photos, INTRUDER were bleedin' hot live, tight and loud with more than enough screamin' crunch guitar (the only lacking thing on the record). Don't know when they'll be back, but Nashville's only a couple days drive, right?

-Ed th' Head

SEPULTURA

Photo: Andrew Frey

In a musical genre dominated by North American, German and British bands, SEPULTURA stand out, not just because they're from SOUTH America (one of the Americas nonetheless), but because they boast some of the hardest, tightest thrash to be heard in a long time. Their success has opened a lot of doors for S.A. bands; already their pals RATOS DE PORAO have been signed to Roadracer, and more are sure to follow. Though SEPULTURA's music hardly reflects the traditional sounds of Brazilian style, their success, after many hard years/records, pays tribute to an internationalism spreading across the new music spectrum.

We were fortunate enough to promote SEPULTURA's first Colorado show. Along with road-mates FAITH OR FEAR, they rocked the venerable Aztlan and warmed our desolate winter. North American metal fans will not soon be free of SEPULTURA's thick, infectuous riffs and songs. I caught guitarist Andreas after their sweaty set for some current data on the band's progress...

How long have you guys been on tour?

We began October 31st in New York with KING DIAMOND, and now we only have two shows left. Prior to America we have toured Europe, now we tour America with FAITH OR FEAR.

How is the tour going so far?

It's great, we are having lots of fun! The snow is crazy! In Brazil it doesn't snow, so it's good to meet the snow for

Interview by Patrick Barber

Photo: Patrick Barber

the first time. It's a definite experience!

What do you think about the American thrash scene?

I didn't expect that we'd make such a good impression. It's really beautiful to see people actually singing along with the lyrics.

What do you think of Colorado?

Did you know it was the first state where we got stopped by the cops? Three times, I hope it's the last. But aside from that, it is the most beautiful state in America, with the mountains, trees and snow. Just picture after picture. We also liked Texas.

Where was the best show?

I don't know...Houston was really great. Here in Colorado too. Wherever the sound is good, is usually the better show. The crowds are always fucking great!

So how did it all begin? You've been in the band for how long?

I joined the band in '87, before the 1988 "Schizophrenia" lp. The first record was released only in Brazil in '85, It was an E.P; titled "Bestial Devastation," then in '86, we released a full-length lp: "Morbid Visions." The lead guitarist left, so I joined the band and we released "Schizophrenia" in '88 and now, our current release, "Beneath The Remains," is out.

What is it like in Brazil now that you've gotten international acclaim?

The scene has gotten, and is getting better for bands playing thrash. The magazines and radio stations are talking more and more about the style of music. For us, this is good; we're the first Brazillian thrash band to tour Europe and America.

Are there enough girls in America for you?

Yeah....Better than Europe!

What are the best Brazilian bands in your opinion?

RATOS DE PORAO is one... They signed with Roadracer too. They recorded in Berlin, Germany, I think this week, this month it's out on Roadracer.

Do Brazilians react differently from American thrashers?

To this music, the crowd has the same reaction as the American crowds. I think here, thrash is more talked about, our band is more talked about, because America is bigger than Brazil. Brazil is more closed to moshing, too.

Where do you play when you're home?

We have this one club that holds about 500 people, we played there with NUCLEAR ASSAULT. Two gigs we played, it was fuckin' GREAT!

Are there many bands that come through Brazil?

Brazil has had VENOM, MOTORHEAD, METALLICA, TESTAMENT and NUCLEAR ASSAULT. It's difficult to bring American bands down there. It's expensive, because the money situation down there is fucked totally. It's difficult.

WHIPLASH

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Interview by Bryan Davis

WHIPLASH began in the formative years of the speed-metal underground. Originally a trio in '84, the were the first band to be signed by (the now ominous)('n godlike -ed.) Roadracer Records in '85. The albums "Power and Pain" and "Ticket To Mayhem" were to follow. When preparing for their latest release "Insult To Injury," Tony Portaro, who had been handling guitar and vocals, came upon the realization that the new material needed more vocally than he could offer. Consequently, Glenn Hansen would become the new vocalist of the band. I gave bassist Tony Bono a call and this is what transpired.

Glenn Hansen: vocals. Tony Portaro: guitar. Tony Bono: bass. Joe Cangelosi: drums.

With the addition of Glenn on vocals, do you think the appeal of your sound has greatly improved?

I think Glenn's vocals do improve the appeal of our music, but we didn't try to do that. What we wanted to do was to be more open-minded about our music, more original and experimental. With Glenn we are able to be more experimental with our music. We chose him from many others because of his creativity.

How do you think the fans of the original WHIPLASH thrash attack take to the new material and vocals?

Some may not take it so easily. Some may want Tony, some may like Glenn;

Photographs by Michelle

you never know. The music is undoubtedly WHIPLASH. I think many of the fans will hear this and appreciate it. As for live, I think the old fan will enjoy our shows just as much or even more now that Tony is not stuck behind the microphone.

What's foremost in your mind when you're playing to an audience who've never seen or heard you before?

To kill! ...and sometimes that works against you. I get so hyper that I end up pacing the stage angrily between songs. I gotta stop kicking my own ass. Tony, Glenn and I look like bumper cars killing each other.

Contact:
Roadracer Records
225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709
NY NY 10012

...imagine if METALLICA was a Top 40 band. Club bands would do U2, "You Really Got Me" and "Sanitarium."

Do the lyrics come first or last in the songwriting process?

Most of the time the lyrics come after the music, but there are exceptions. Usually we give an idea a title and work from there. Sometimes we come up with choruses that we definitely want to use, so we'll work around that.

It seems ironic that you have a song like "Dementia Thirteen" (which seems outwardly to promote drug use) on a label that supports the "Stop The Madness" campaign.

I don't think "Dementia Thirteen" actually promotes drugs but it doesn't matter. What we have in common with Roadracer has nothing to do with drugs.

In "Dementia Thirteen," what are you suggesting in the lines "This feeling is all I own...Never let them try to take it from you"?

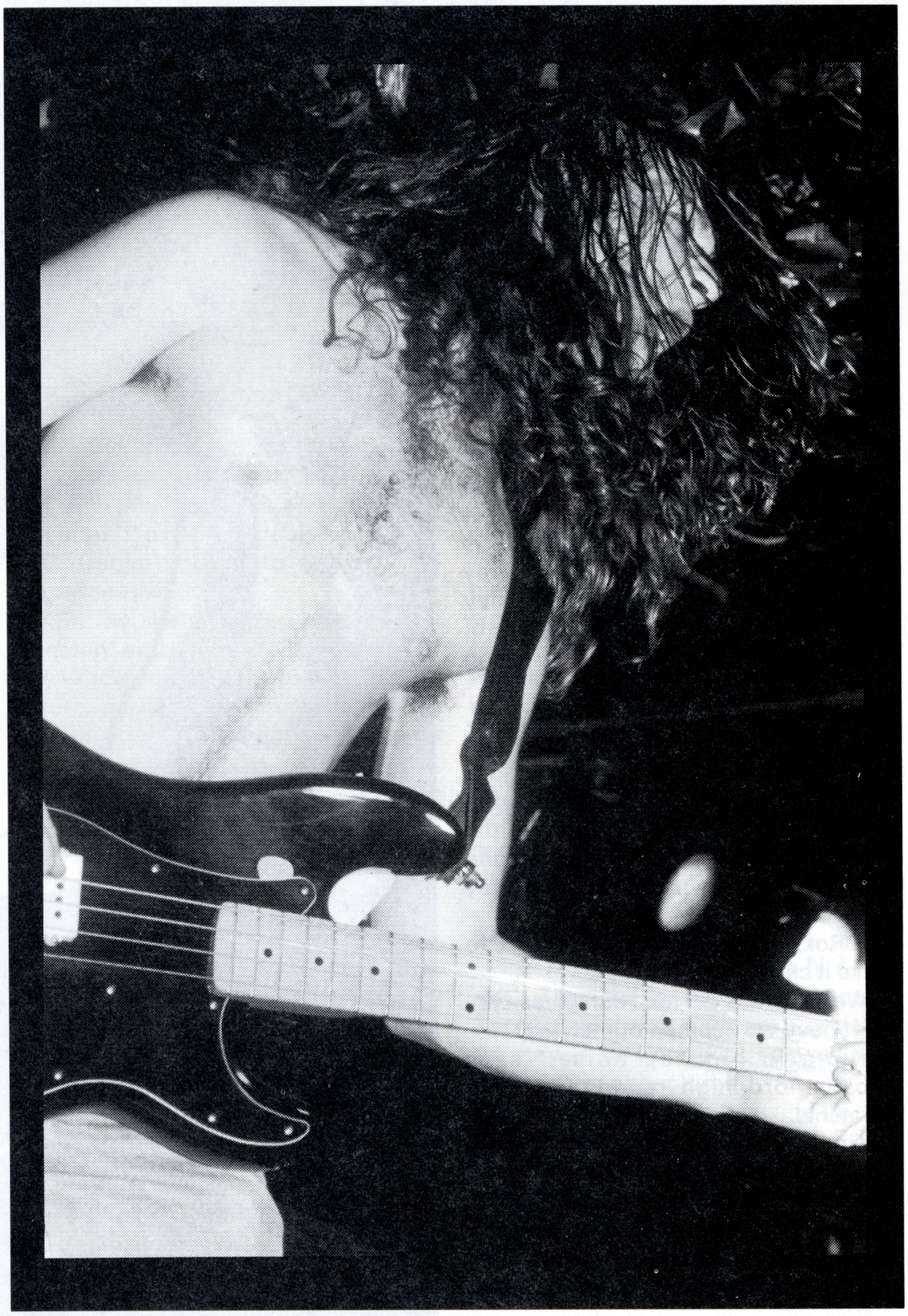
I think Glenn wrote those lyrics about me. Besides my bass equipment and my shit car, I own my feelings and I like to feel good.

I know only time will tell, but don't you think the speedmetal market is saturated to the point that its growth and popularity will wither in the next few years?

I think so. So many people finally know what speedmetal is...how much further can it go? (huh? -ed.) I'd like to see a speedmetal band have a number one album though. That would be great...imagine if METALLICA was Top 40. A Top 40 club band would do U2, "You Really Got Me" and "Sanitarium."

What changes have you observed in the speedmetal scene over the past five years as WHIPLASH?

I've learned a lot in the last five years, but I don't think things have changed much. I'm just glad there are speedmetal bands, but you know the story: money talks, bullshit walks.



WARLOCK PINCHERS

The Official Sound Of Satan? Or Just Another Reason To Hate Music? And What's All This Talk About Gary Coleman?

Interview and Photographs by Patrick Barber

In the tumultuous history of the 20th century, movements in art, music and theatre have always been preceded and brought to a head by fits of spastic self-parody. Now, with television making an idiot out of itself every twenty minutes, Mark Kostabi making an idiot out of himself and everyone else and making a million doing it, and everyone else running along behind whacking themselves on the head with v-8 cans, the time for the WARLOCK PINCHERS has finally come.

WARLOCK PINCHERS are at war with everything - rock n roll, the media, the world, their "fans," and when they're at their best, themselves. Self-parody is their saturation napalm. They spray burning shrapnel everywhere. They make fun of themselves making fun of themselves making fun of everything else.

How, we're not exactly sure. At first, we thought they were a joke band, then they sorta turned into a joke about joke bands. With the release of their 2nd lp "Deadly Kung Fu Action" (Boner), the Pinchers face global fame and recognition. They know it, too. But did they mean to?

DDRok, guitar monster, attempts to make it clear.

"We have now deemed ourselves...uh, what have we deemed ourselves?"

"Kung fu hip hop noise," says vocalist/lord high ragamuffin King Scratchie.

"Kinda grungy kung fu action," suggests vocalist KC Kasum.

"No, not grunge," says guitarist 3KSK. "We're not gonna use that."

EErok, their bass player, doesn't comment. Their drummer is some kinda

Roland machine they pump through a distorted p.a. system. It doesn't say anything either. We're (except the drummer) sitting on the pavement outside Ground Zero on a July evening; the Warlock Pinchers, with assistance from the mind-damaging BIG JOEY, have just finished making a sonic/physical mess out of a self-respecting 3.2 death-rock club. With no regrets.

Live, the Pinchers are loud and ridiculous, a wall of half-stupid guitar fuzz saturation over a stumbling lunk-bass, two obnoxious guys yelling and an overprogrammed drum machine blasting much-too-loudly through a couple of blown Peaveys. It's supposed to be rap. It should sound like BIG BLACK. It deftly, if accidentally, escapes both, kicking out a space for itself.

The records are more a document of the songs than an extension of their live show. But "Deadly Kung Fu Action" kicks booty over their previous stuff and promises that, in their annoying way, the Pinchers know far too much about studio recording for anyone to feel safe. They really do have it all figured out, and you're the innocent guinea pig.

BALLADS

DDRok: The next album will have a ballad on it.

EERok: Next time we sell out, right?

KC: You gotta have a shit first album, then a big pop album, then the third one's a bunch of ballads and we sell out.

DDRok: But then you go to Las Vegas permanently.

HYPE

So whatever happened with the Tiffany scandal?

King: See, all the magazines here, they do features on lame local bands and totally ignore us. So we decided to make something up so they'd write anything at all.

KC: We have to pull media scams, see. The *Rocky Mountain News* isn't too keen on us. They're big on morality about lying to reporters and stuff.

King: Of course, morality sucks.

KC: They called us publicity mongers.

DDRok: We *are* publicity.

King: Publicity first, band second.

IN DEFENSE OF WILL WHEATON

3KSK: I might as well disclose the whole thing. We were hangin out at the BUTTHOLE SURFERS show we played, being hip. So Teresa, their drummer, says "Oh my god, you look like Will Wheaton." To me. (He does -ed.)

KC: Cause she's into all the teen magazines like us.

3KSK: So she said "You must be Wil Wheaton" and I said, "You're right. I am Will Wheaton" and I autographed her picture, and she was none the wiser. Then the identity split and Will became our manager.

KC: But then his soul split town. We had to sacrifice the identity of Will Wheaton because of the whole Tiffany scam...he was getting blamed.

I THINK WE'RE TIFFANY

So *Westword* fell for it and *Rocky Mountain News* didn't?

3KSK: The News had more time. They called Tiffany's manager, George Tobin.

King: The guy from the C.U. Program Council saw the *Westword* article and called the *Rocky Mountain News.*

3KSK: Dave Starr, that is, from the Program Council, who's mad at us, cause he thinks we're the HATERS. Which, of course, we are. And we had a diabolical plan to wreck music at CU forever. And luckily, Dave Starr caught on to us. So Dave Starr blew the whistle on Tiffany.

KC: There was a letter, from Tiffany's manager to us, saying we were being sued. Gil from *Westword* faxed a copy of it to Tiffany's manager, who denied it was his letterhead, his letter or his signature.

3KSK: Tobin's actual quote was: "I think the album's funny, but they're not being sued."

KC: But people don't read media things all the way. So they still don't know what happened.

WHERE THE HELL IS GARY COLEMAN?

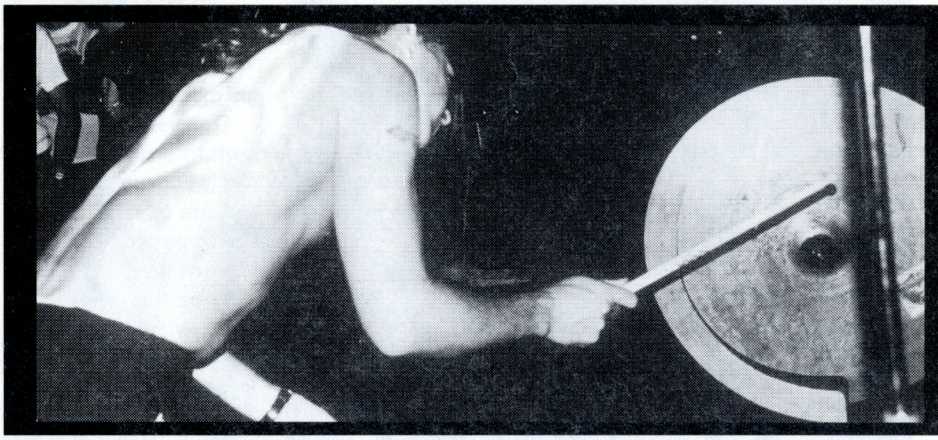
KC: The deal is, we always thought Gary Coleman was kinda keen, and then he moved to Colorado, so we did a tribute song about him.

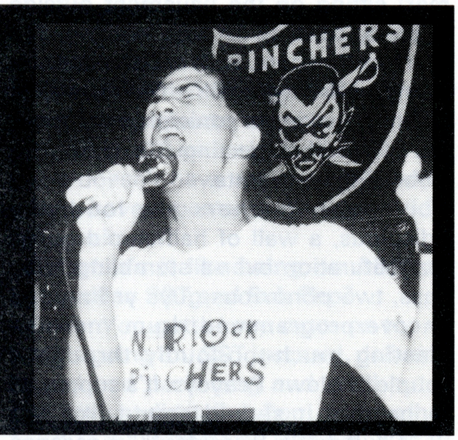
King: We sent him a tape and he sent back hatemail.

KC: So we decided he's a dick and we hate that song anyway.

How'd you get his address?

KC: A friend of mine's friend lives near him. So anyone who wants Gary




PINCHERS
N RIOCK
PiNCHERS

Coleman's address, write.

King: We're workin' on the phone number.

KC: Yeah we gotta get his phone number.

3KSK: But Crispin Glover, we got his number. We've called him a couple of times. We went to find him last time we were in California. He wasn't home.

King: At four in the morning.

3KSK: So he was supposed to come to practise and play a tambourine, but he never did.

KC: He's on our album though. He makes an appearance on the album.

3KSK: So him & gary are gonna sing.

THE INEVITABLE ROCK OPERA

3KSK: The Quincy rock opera. We already have some of it. It's gonna be a cassette only rock opera.

DDRok: Give us a preview. How did it go?

Several, chanting: Cut him open/ Sew him up/ Cut him open/ Sew him up/ Check/ For brain cancer!

DDRok: It's going to be a ten song rock opera.

KC: Let it be known that if people write to us we'll send them lots of free shit. We're gonna have lots of stuff coming out with this album; golf tees, pencils, watches...

3KSK: People are on our tip.

KC: You gotta get the stupid dollars. **You're clockin mega-dollars.**

DDRok: Yeah, we're making stupid dollars. People are on our tip.

King: We're getting stupid dope fresh.

3KSK: People can really bug out to us.

KC: If we ever see TONE-LOC we're going to kick him in the shins and throw him at NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK.

WARLOCK PINCHERS
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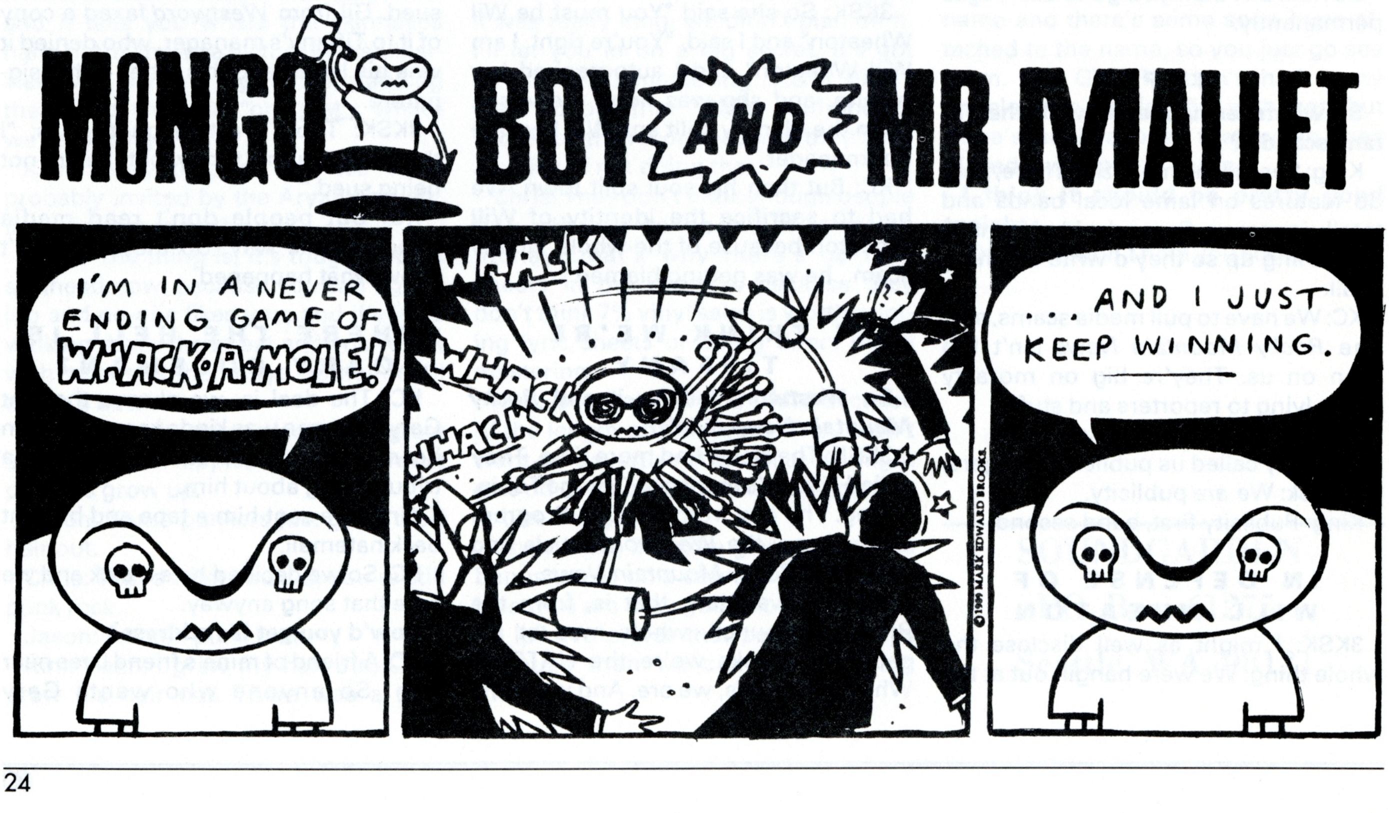
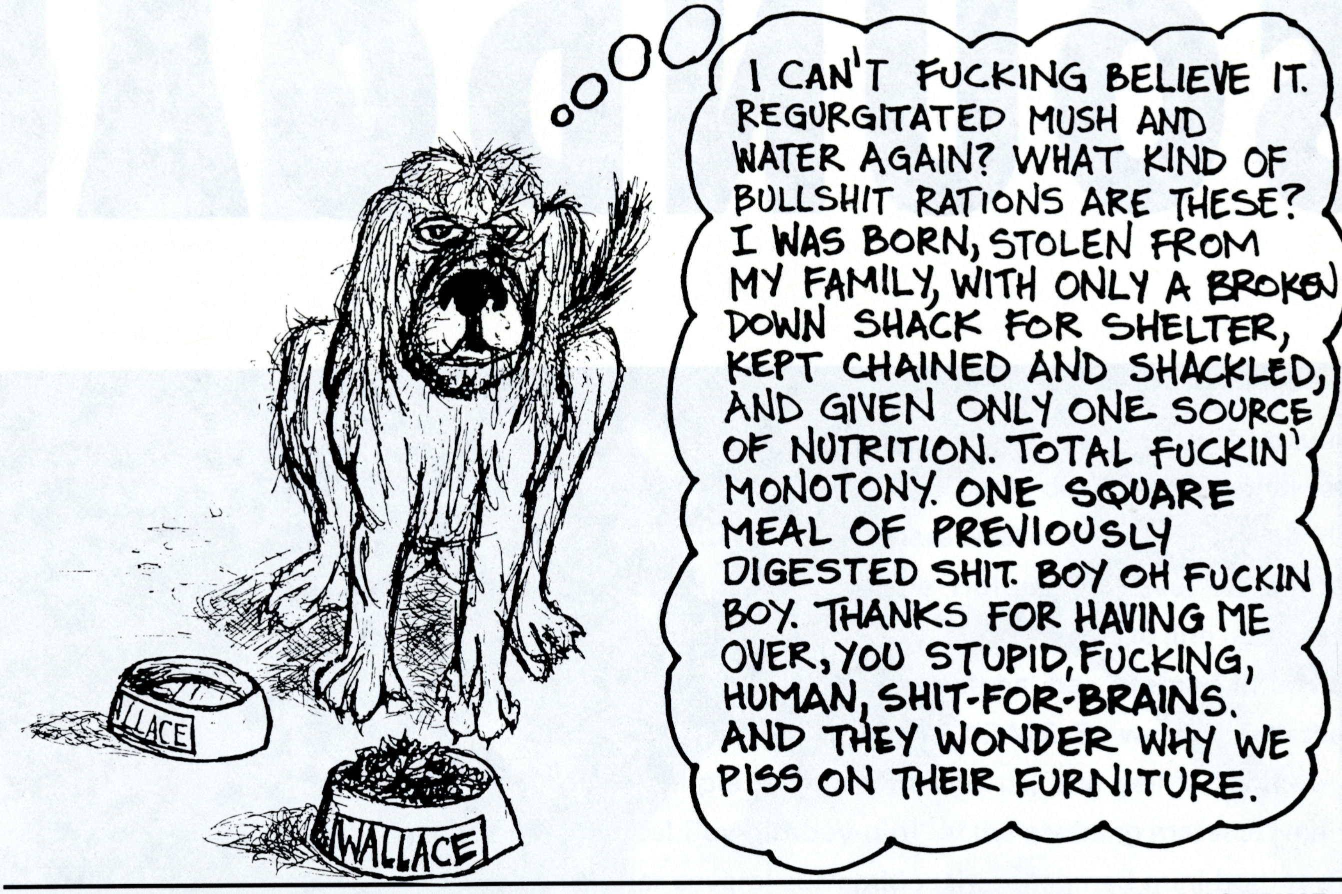

MONGO BOY AND MR MALLET
I'M IN A NEVER ENDING GAME OF WHACK-A-MOLE!
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
©1989 MARK EDWARD BROOKS
... AND I JUST KEEP WINNING.

WHAT DOGS REALLY THINK

Cartoon by William Tressler


I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT. REGURGITATED MUSH AND WATER AGAIN? WHAT KIND OF BULLSHIT RATIONS ARE THESE? I WAS BORN, STOLEN FROM MY FAMILY, WITH ONLY A BROKEN DOWN SHACK FOR SHELTER, KEPT CHAINED AND SHACKLED, AND GIVEN ONLY ONE SOURCE OF NUTRITION. TOTAL FUCKIN' MONOTONY. ONE SQUARE MEAL OF PREVIOUSLY DIGESTED SHIT. BOY OH FUCKIN BOY. THANKS FOR HAVING ME OVER, YOU STUPID, FUCKING, HUMAN, SHIT-FOR-BRAINS. AND THEY WONDER WHY WE PISS ON THEIR FURNITURE.
LLACE
WALLACE

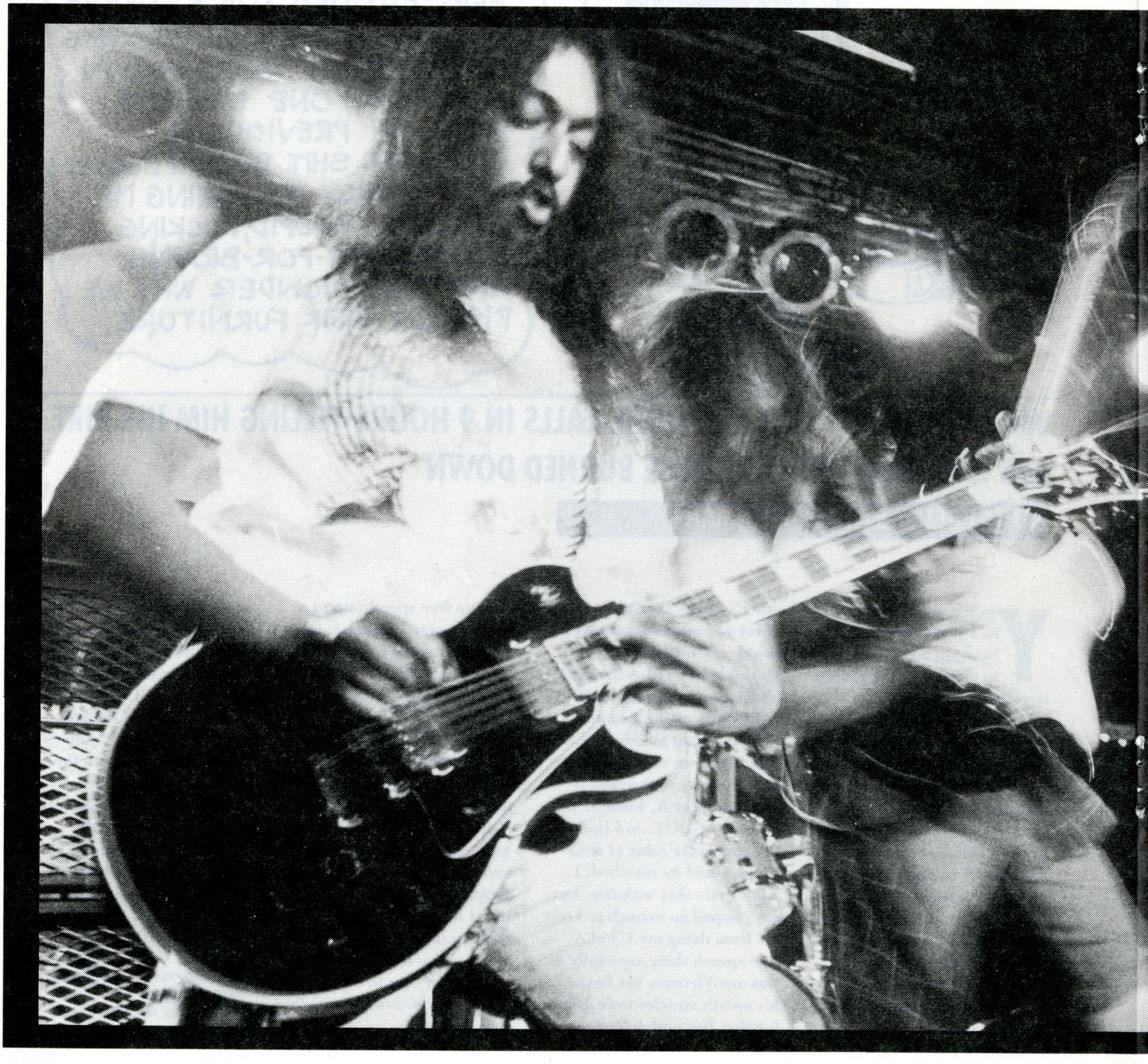
WHY WHITE BOY GOT 28 PHONE CALLS IN 9 HOURS TELLING HIM HIS KIKE ASS IS GONNA GET HIS HOUSE BURNED DOWN

ANTI-POETRY BY PAUL WEINMAN

You see, what happened is, I just wanted to burn up a U S of A flag to say NO to the government ignoring socially relevant stuff like racism, sexism, you know, and drugs, homelessness - no problem - read my lips, - no problem - and then this Pres. Bush asking to stamp out Supreme Court's decision that it's Free Speech OK to burn up a flag of U S of A to say NO, and mine was just a little cemetery kind of U S of A flag, just a flick of my Bic, but these VFW guys with new-found hard-ons were rounded up by the media, all licking each other's chops over the smell of my red meat so those Vets could jerk-off over Motherland's red, white and blue underpants while self-righteously giving them the U S of A right to scream COMMIE, Did you ever have your buddy die in your arms! If you don't like it, leave it! you know, FAGGOT, so I thought the particular color of their necks would be matched, I knelt to do that with fire, but got jumped on enough to keep me from doing my US of A free speech thing especially as this one Vietnam Vet flexed his mouth muscles over dying for that flag and defending my right to free speech, up to a certain point, of course, so I guess he earned his right to call me a FUCKHEAD, CREEP making his fist go back and forth in front of my teeth to THE ROCKETS RED GLARE AND THAT FLAG WAS STILL THERE though the cops weren't to see about rights so I walked over to our men in blue, who are white, and whose necks are the appropriate color, and asked that I be protected, but he rolls up the copcar window and a police horse trots over on its tippy toes to do the All-American hoedown on my free speech and toes, plus to give me a free piece of ass hard up against that copcar, enough to realise this free speech is going to be too extensive on my body, so, I'll suffice it to say that at least the free speech of those 28 American Heroes who called to threaten my kike ass and burn my house down, theirs was still preserved, so that My Country Tis Of Thee I Sing, Sweet Land Of Liberty, Where My Flag - read my lips - WHERE MY FLAG IS BURNING BRIGHT

FOR MORE WHITE BOY SEND S.A.S.E.
PAUL WEINMAN
79 COTTAGE AVE. ALBANY NY 12203

SOUNDGAR



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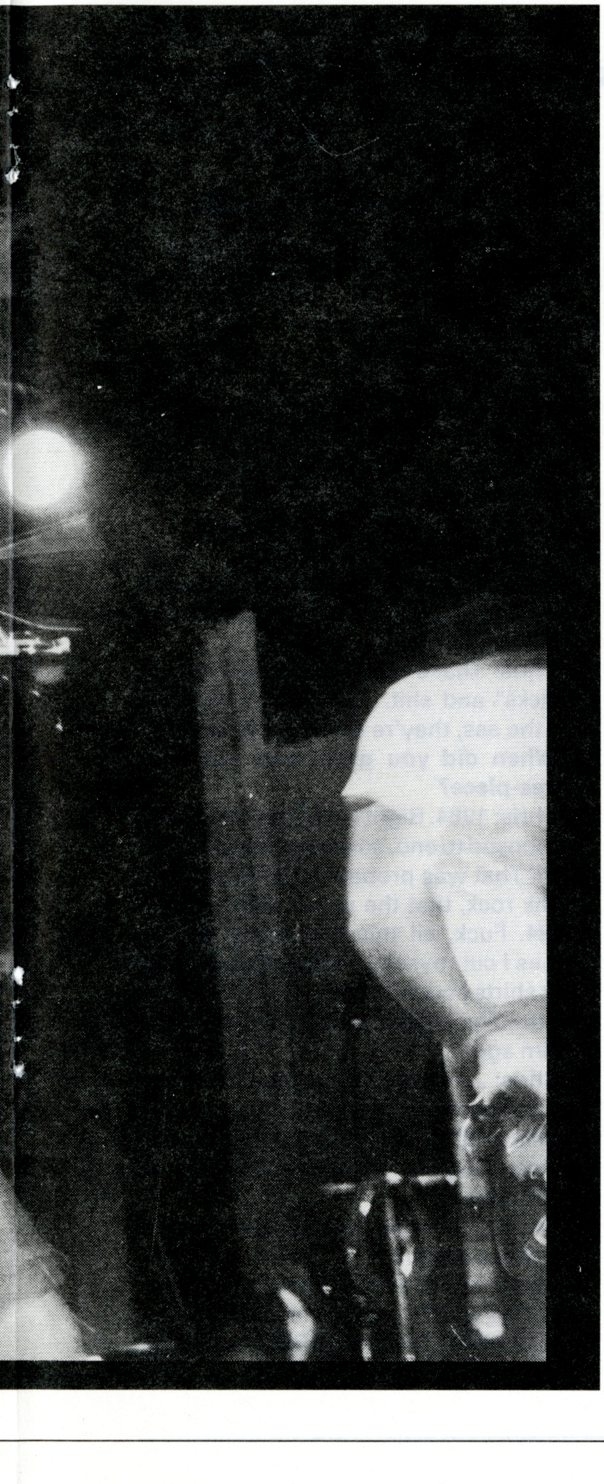


Saturday night, late September. A voyage to Foundations Forum '89 has landed us in beautiful Los Angeles, a badly designed smog/sweat jungle somewhere west of Vegas. We are standing outside the Hollywood Live, watching bemusedly as the bouncers plead with us to line up single file. The all-powerful Fire Marshal has deemed the club TOO FULL TO FURTHER SATURATE. So we chat with the other people stranded behind us, and yell "C'mon you pussies! Boy-girl-boy-girl!" at the seething masses. Finally, after several surreptitiously consumed mini-bottles of whiskey, they let us in, just in time to catch SOUNDGARDEN's last song: a big sweaty rendition of "Beyond The Wheel." Pete raises a gnarled, upturned hand in prayer towards the vocalist's Wagnerian howl, fed by a thick, spastic guitar roar and the relentless bass/drum thunder. The song ends and they stumble off stage, to make room for STEVE JONES or somethin. We stand, gaping, thinking deeply of the first time we went to a hardcore show, of the first time we were face to face with big, sweating, half-crazed rocknroll gone mad. We wander aimlessly, bumming drinks. The night continues. After the show we end up walking back to the hotel via a veritable grand tour of darkest Hollywood.

Interview and Photographs by Patrick Barber

SOUNDGARDEN

Back at the Foundations Forum, we get hold of SOUNDGARDEN's new album, "Louder Than Love" (A&M). And play it. Often. In the hotel room. On the plane. In the Phoenix airport, on top of the parking garage. You get the idea.

Then it's the middle of October. We're waiting outside of dismal Rock Island, hidden in the bowels of downtown Denver, at the ungodly hour of 5 pm. Some lady leads us downstairs into a cavernous bar/basement type gig. The SCREAMING TREES are finishing their sound check. A couple of the guys from SOUNDGARDEN are sitting listening to a man with a tape recorder talk about Albert Collins, and how he ran around with a 150-foot cord. He finishes and we all get talking about various and random things until it vaguely starts sounding like...well, an interview, naturally. Primarily with Chris (vocals/guitar) and Kim (guitar), with brief interjections from Jason (new bassist; recently replaced Hiro) and Mark (drummer, SCREAMING TREES). Matt, SOUNDGARDEN's drummer, wasn't around for the sesh. Anyway get on with it already.

Chris: We're having problems with some of the lyrics on the new album...some of the radio stations and stores got advance copies with no lyrics; we have some songs where if you just listen to it without paying attention you might get the wrong idea. Like "Hands All Over," I'm singing "put your hands away, you're going to kill your mother" but all people hear is the "kill your mother" part. Then they think "He's saying 'kill your mother!' We can't play this in the store!"

Kim: It can be interpreted either way though. The "kill your mother" part is about the third world situation...we're all at home, eating tortillas, and the contras come barging in and they're gonna kill our mother because we are with the resistance.

So you've been getting radio hassles from "Big Dumb Sex"?

Chris: That's just something they don't play.

Kim: We've been getting retail hassles; various distributors and buyers have instructed their stores not to play it in-store, because they don't like the content of "Big Dumb Sex" and "Hands All Over."

Chris: Well even "Big Dumb Sex," the lyrics aren't challenging, they're just funny. It's not confrontational or really descriptive or nasty. It's not abusive, it's pretty much making fun of disco and funk songs that talk about sex without saying the word.

The downfall of punk rock was that the world didn't end in 1984. Fuck, all the times I cut myself in front of people, all the stage dives when I landed on my head, and the world didn't fuckin' end!

So how do you guys fit in to the scheme of things musically?

Chris: We're pretty much a postpunk thing...Kim and Hiro and I started out as a three piece, we just wanted to get together and write some original material. Our influences at the time were MEAT PUPPETS, HUSKER DU, KILLING JOKE. We were a three piece and I played drums, Hiro played bass, and Kim played guitar, with me and Hiro sharing the vocals. We were kinda quirky post-punk, then we started getting really heavy; slowing down and getting heavy, then speeding up and getting really sonic. As far as being a drummer and singing, it was getting to be a hassle. So we got a drummer, and then we dropped a lot of the songs with tempo changes and time signature changes; the songs that kinda gave us the DEVO-esque kinda shit.

Kim: We sounded sorta heavy DEVO, which ends up sounding like RUSH.

Chris: We became more along the lines of what we are now. This last release, the songs are really throbbing and straightforward, rhythmically. Sorta hypnotic, rather than rushing through it.

Kim: There were two really good descriptions of us back when we first started...somebody said we were "KILLING JOKE meets RUSH" and then there was "XTC vs. BLACK SABBATH."

Have you gotten really sick of LED ZEPPELIN and CULT comparisons?

Kim: We didn't even know about the CULT when we first started.

Chris: We were a band when "Love" was released. As far as LED ZEPPELIN, we wrote "Nothing To Say" before they even did LZ 4. We invented that whole progressive shit. I was only seven at the time, Kim was nine. Yeah, we were innovators back then. I don't know what happened.

Kim: Visionaries. Disillusionaries.

Misguided urchins.

Kim: We're post-Madonnas. You can dance to the CULT. You can't dance to SOUNDGARDEN.

Chris: That's how you get on "Dance Tracks" and shit. The CULT's charting up the ass, they're doing really well.

When did you guys start out as a three-piece?

Chris: 1984. Right when the world was supposed to end, so we figured what the hell. That was probably the downfall of punk rock, that the world didn't end in 1984. Fuck, all this protesting, all the times I cut myself in front of people, all the shirts I cut holes in...

Kim: The nihilist young children of the atom age...

Chris: ...all the times I stage dove and landed on my head, and the world didn't fuckin end! All the young punks end up being lawyers...they're off studying right now.

So you started out in the Seattle hardcore scene?

Chris: Yeah, sorta. There was more like this quirky post-punk thing there, bands like THE ALTERED and THE BLACKOUTS and U-MEN...it was sorta

English oriented. We weren't but most the bands were.

Kim: Up until the MELVINS, GREEN RIVER and us. The hardcore bands started sounding arty, and that's what turned into the Seattle scene.

How's the tour going?

Chris: This is only our third show.

Kim: Our second on the road. So far we've played in front of 1700 people with two shows. So we're averaging 850.

So you ever been to Colorado before?

Chris: No, this is our first time.

Kim: We drank your tea though.

Celestial Seasonings.

Chris: Yeah, and my mom used to buy John Denver records. I want to go to the Four Corners. I guess it's like a tourist trap and it costs money to go to the actual spot.

Is this the first national tour you've done?

Kim: The second, and before that, we'd done an east coast tour and three or four west coast trips, so this adds up to be the third US tour. The most comprehensive too, 50 shows in two months.

Chris: We're gonna learn how to play I think.

Who's the new bass player?

Kim: Jason Everman, he was the guitarist in NIRVANA.

Chris: He quit about the same time Hiro quit, and he was already a fan of ours.

Kim: We're fans of theirs too.

Chris: It was pretty natural.

So what's it like being in SOUNDGARDEN?

Jason: It's awesome, it's great, it's...

Kim: It's totally gnarly.

Jason: Dude.

Chris: It's totally legal.

Jason: Consider I'm in SOUNDGARDEN...

Kim: Is it hard to play the basslines, Jason?

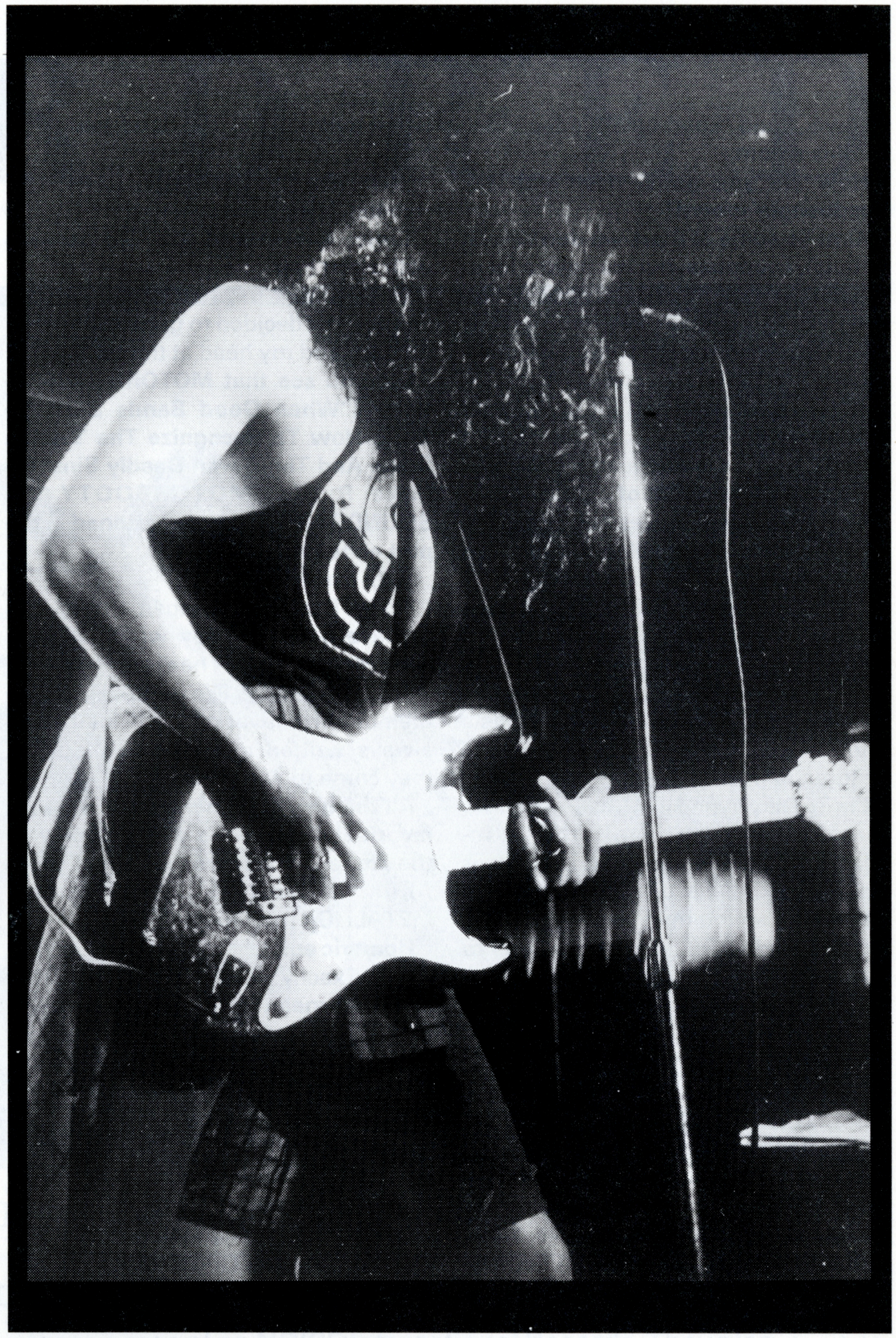
Jason: Um, yeah, kinda.

Kim: Bonus SCREAMING TREES question.

How's it been going since the tour with FIREHOSE?

Mark (SCREAMING TREES drummer): We've been on a couple tours since then, a European tour that went really well.

Kim: We went on a European tour right after they did.



Chris: We want to officially thank the SCREAMING TREES for letting us use their bus on tour.

Mark: Oh, no problem.

Kim: Notice how Mark kinda looks like Chris's little brother?

Chris: We're related actually.

How was Europe?

Kim: It was okay, about thirty shows.

Did they know about you already?

Kim: Yeah, we'd sold like 3000 records in Italy on the SST label. That was impressive...kind of a surprise...we sold more records in Italy than we did in Washington State!

So there was an SST lp before this, and nothing in between.

Chris: Yeah. Before the SST lp there was a 12" single, "Flower," and an ep.

Kim: "Screaming Life" ep, six songs, and the "Fopp" single, four songs. They're gonna compile those into an album eventually. "Louder Than Love" has already done twice as good as the "Ultramega OK" lp, within the first two weeks. The label's pretty happy, it's doing better than they thought it would. The tour should help too, and a video that's been released for the song "Loud Love." We had a video for SST, too,

SOUNDGARDEN

"Flower," and "Loud Love" is the video for this album.

How are you going over with the headbangin' crowd?

Kim: To some of them we don't mosh enough, I suppose, but we have a lot of metal fans who are really into us. We're too heavy for some of the college kids and we don't mosh enough for the metal kids, but somewhere in between is a crossover, we get a lot of different audiences.

Chris: How's the skinhead scene here?

Nothin. There's a lot of publicity...

Kim: Oh yeah, it makes good copy.

Like some of them killed this guy and burned his car with him in it a couple of months ago, but there's not really anything...

Kim: It's the same thing they wrote about the hippies, like all hippies were Manson family freaks, they were cultists and they took drugs and murdered children in microwaves.

Chris: They hyped it in Dallas when we played there, like all the skinheads...Kim's East Indian, our old bass player was Japanese...

Kim: Our sound man was Jewish.

Chris: And we're leaving our hotel to go to the Clearview, and we're already paranoid about it, and we see this magazine with an article about skinheads, and some deaths that happened, and it tells you where the skinheads hang out, it shows a picture of the Clearview with like an army of them standing there and we said "oh, that's where we're playing."

Kim: They trapped us, we were probably invited by the Aryan nations, they're promoting the gig...

Chris: The thing is, it's tough to be a skinhead now, because you can't get a job and no-one likes you, and if you're walking down the street and you're not with twenty other guys somebody'll throw a bottle at you.

Kim: Actually most skinheads grow up, like most hippies grow up, most punkers grow up.

Jason: Some punkers just grow their hair out.

Chris: That's what you did, you're still punk rock.

Jason: I'm still punk rock.

Kim: Yeah, I grew my hair out, Chris grew his hair out. There was a time when everyone in the band had short hair.

Yeah, like four years ago.

Jason: Yep.

Chris: Kim looked like Cat Stevens with short hair.

Kim: I didn't have a beard until two years ago. I decided to grow my hair on my face and my head at the same time.

Did you see that MOTORBOOTY article? ("When Good Bands Start To Suck: How To Recognize The Telltale Signs And The Seven Deadly Sins" by Mike Rubin, MOTORBOOTY #4. SOUNDGARDEN was mentioned in the part about facial hair. -ed)

Kim: Oh yeah.

Chris: That's encouragement for Kim to have a beard, they wouldn't have even mentioned us if he didn't have one.

Kim: Those guys like us; not like we're their ultimate favorite band, but they've always written nice things about us, they come to see us too.

All the bands he mentioned were his favorite bands; that's why he knew all the stories and records and shit.

Kim: It was great, it was funny. METALLICA turning into YES!

Homeric epics.

Kim: Exactly: homeric epics. Ulysses.

Did you mean for "Louder Than Love" to run 55 minutes long?

Kim: We actually cut a couple songs. It was really long, we didn't plan on it. I'll let you in on a big secret, it's got direct metal mastering. A&M didn't want to put that "DMM Audiophile" sticker on the record because they have a policy of not doing that.

Chris: They don't think enough people buy albums to spend that much money...that's why there's no lyric sheets in the records, because they don't think 7% vinyl sales is worth printing lyric sheets or doing direct metal mastering.

Kim: But they gave us DMM because of the length of the record. They didn't want to advertise it because it might piss off other bands that weren't getting it. Like Sting.

Chris: Also, if you're giving someone bonus tracks on a cassette or CD, what incentive are they going to have to buy an lp? We prefer that people buy lps because then we can keep making them.

Kim: And have really cool graphics and artwork.

The cassette actually looks pretty good, for a cassette, anyway.

Kim: The album looks really good too but it doesn't have an insert. We were gonna have a poster, a pop gun, stickers, you know.

So what's it like being on A&M as opposed to SST and Sub Pop?

Chris: You gotta keep more on top of what's going on. SST just said, deliver a record and packaging and we'll put it out. We just did it. Sub Pop, on the other hand, is really involved in the mix of the songs, the song choices, the packaging, just like a major. The advantage with labels like Sub Pop is that you're dealing with creativity from your friends, people on the same wavelength...whereas with a major, sometimes that doesn't happen. Fortunately with A&M, they have a progressive staff. It's not like dudes in suits all worried about somethin.

Kim: You think there's an audience for us in Denver?

I know there's a big audience here. I just don't know how many of them know about you yet. But I went to 24-7 SPYZ last week and half the people hadn't really heard them, but they all came because they heard SPYZ rocked. They did too.

Chris: In Seattle a lot, you'll hear the name and there's some sorta hype attached to the name, so you just go see them. Like GWAR, I don't think many people were real familiar with them but there's such a buzz that when they played it was pretty packed.

I think it should be pretty good tonight.

Chris: We won't hold you accountable.

SOUNDGARDEN
PO Box 61275
Seattle WA 98121

MORDRED

Interview by Patrick Barber

MORDRED have the enviable distinction of being the first American band to release a record on NOISE International Records. They also have the enviable distinction of being a hell of a band, taking their lump of thrash metal sound to a new melodic style, incorporating some funky stuff and wailing double guitar solos with traditional metal crunch and tight, intricate songs. I talked with drummer Gannon shortly after their debut lp "Fool's Game" was released. For a telephone interview it went exceptionally well, and it's been a while since I've heard a thrash/metal musician speak so eloquently and comfortably about his own music. MORDRED should be touring in 1990, so keep an eye out, and check out their record if you haven't already.

MORDRED

What's the current line-up?

Scott Holderby on vocals, who's 20; Danny White on guitars, who's 22; Art Liboon on bass, 22; Gannon Hall on drums, 19; Jim Sanguinetti on guitars, 21.

I'm curious about the age, because you guys have a real developed sound. How long has the band been around?

With the present line-up...2 1/2 - 3 years, but we've all been playing our instruments since we were kids. I started playing drums when I was seven.

So you've been in the band since you were sixteen?

Yes.

We definitely don't want to become just a thrash metal band. Funk is the first style we've really fucked around with, and that's only the beginning.

And you guys were all in bands before that?

Well, Art's been in MORDRED for a while. He's the only original member; Danny and I played in a band called MERCENARY. This is Scott's first professional band. He's sung in "little" bands before, nothing serious though.

The sound that I get from you guys, it sounds like you've been playing together for a long time.

Well, we've been working really hard for a long time. We rehearse five to seven days a week.

Do you think that most "rock" bands have to work real hard?

Oh, fuck yeah. If they're ever gonna get anywhere. Definitely. I'm sure there's an exception here and there, but for the most part, everybody works their butts off.

You're one of the lyricists, right?

I wrote four songs on the albunm, and I've written the new material for the forthcoming e.p. So yeah, I've kind of taken over the responsibility for that.

One thing that really stands out about your songs is that the subjects are so varied.

Yeah, I definitely won't write about one thing twice.

Do you find it more difficult to "stretch out," or does it just happen that you write about different things?

I have to sit down and brainstorm, think about ideas, it's not that difficult, but it's work...It takes a long time to get a song together, if i'm lucky it'll take me a day--sometimes it takes three days.

Danny writes most of the riffs, and we arrange the songs as a band. It's very democratic. If three out of the five don't like the way something is, we change it. Whatever the majority of the band thinks, we do.

You wrote the words to "Numb" (about the end of a relationship -ed.). Is that a true life experience?

Yes.

Do you find that playing the song, and knowing what it's about, helps you...

Get into the music?

Yeah. Do you go at it in a different way than you would if it was about something else?

That's an interesting question...Artistic expression is something that musicians have to do...artists, writers, whatever. That's how they get off. The lyrics do mean a lot to me, but when we're playing a live set I don't really think about it. I'm concentrating so much on the drumming. Of course when we first started playing the song it did have quite a lot of meaning to me, but now, not all that much. When I'm writing the lyrics...that's when it comes out.

It's therapeutic.

Absolutely.

Have you guys toured the country at all?

Not yet. We were never able to. This is our first record, and without a label behind us we couldn't afford to tour. So we've just played locally. But we do have tours coming up.

The United States?

Well, this is the story...We're gonna do two weeks in October with RAGE, take a break, record an e.p. in Germany...we're gonna come back to the U.S.,take another break, then return for a full-on European Tour, with whom I have no idea, come back to the United States and do a full-on tour, with whom I have no idea.

RAGE the German band?

Yeah, on NOISE, the record label.

How has the record been doing?

In Europe, very well; in the United States...well. It takes a debut band a lot longer to get recognition in the States. LIVING COLOUR, for example, didn't tour for their first record until it had been out for 8 months--now they're touring with the ROLLING STONES and shit like that. It took them a long time to get going, but once it's going, if you're lucky, it can go real well real quick.

Are you doing anything video-wise? MTV or anything like that?

Yeah, we just did a video for "Every Day Is A Holiday," and that's going to be on MTV in a couple weeks.

Do you think it's "healthy" for the underground/metal scene to have video shows like "Headbanger's Ball"? Do you see that as a positive development for MTV to expose the underground? Some people don't like the idea of metal video--they seem to be "protective" of what they feel to be "their" scene.

My view is that videos are just advertisments. It's a sample for people to see and hear the band. That's all. It doesn't have much artistic value.

What did you do for your video?

Just a straight on "live" stage performance. No concept, no nothin'. As far as Headbanger's Ball goes...Yeah, it does open it up a bit...It's on Saturday night, and it's late and everything, so not that many people see it, but it's better than if they didn't have anything at all.

How has the reaction been, from people who aren't used to hearing such a diversity of lyrics and styles in their music?

Great. We've had really great criticism on that, on "Every..." We definitely don't want to become just a thrash/metal band. Funk is the first style we've really fucked around with, and that might be it. There's going to be even more funk on the e.p. We might end it there, but it depends on how long we can stay interested in this funk stuff. I love funk, and I think it worked out well when we incorporated it into metal, but we didn't know what we were doing, we just did it. And it worked out fine.

Do you see that happening over all? On the whole music scene? Not just thrash, but everything else? People looking to other styles of music and becoming more open towards them?

Not really. I think Metal is becoming more sophisticated. You won't find too many bands anymore singing about Satan. A lot of the bands are maturing, growing up.

Yeah, you guys, and a lot of other bands are starting to write more, well, not necessarily political lyrics, but more themes...

My lyrics are becoming pretty political, and that could be a good direction for us, but I don't just sit down and say " Okay, now I'm going to write something political." I sit down and say, "What am I going to write about...I think I'll write about...Crime." I just read this criminology book, about why people commit crimes. One of the theories that was discussed was this thing called the Strain Theory. It says that people commit crimes because society has set certain standards of "What Makes A Good Man," wealth, stature, etc., and how people will do anything to reach those standards.

Now, a "priviliged" kid will probably go to college. A "poor" kid, without any priviliges, is probaly going to commit crimes, to make money, so that he can ave a cool car, and nice clothes, and people will like him.

Like the reason a lot of people aren't finishing school is because they're just dealing crack.

Yeah, exactly. I think that's a big reason why there's so much crack out there, and why there's such a demand for it, and why so many people are selling it. And why people are willing to risk their lives and their well-being to make a lot of money, because that's all there is in life. Because society has made it seem that way. That all there is to life is to make money, and be rich, and that's it. You've done it.

Do you think that's a uniquely American phenomenon, or is it more world-wide?

It's an American type of deal, pretty much. Maybe European too, but not a much. Americans are so decadent. So, yeah, political ideas, they come into my mind. And whatever can spark enough imagination in me to write a full song, with three verses and three choruses, or whatever, is worthy of being written about.

As far as local shows, have you noticed a more diverse crowd? A variety of "types" coming to see you?

That's starting to happen, barely. Our crowds are thrash/metal crowds, and they like thrash/metal, but we are getting a some freaks, and people who just dig the music, and they're coming to see it...They aren't necessarily metal fans though.

Even when you're doing the straight thrash, it sounds like there's a certain melodic sense to it...

Yeah, we do a lot of harmonies...we love the sound of guitar harmonies. It's just great-sounding...

I can see it as something that would be accesible to people who aren't particularly interested in metal, but could just enjoy...music.

That's starting to happen.

We had a show here a while back with Sacred Reich and Forbidden, and Faith No More...

Oh, Faith No More is a fabulous band.

Yeah, everybody in the band liked them, but people here in Colorado...especially the people into metal, it's like they don't "trust" a band unless all their friends know about them, and they know about them, and they've got their record...Like Metallica, and Sacred Reich, it's this whole big thing. And then there's a band that just shows up, and that they haven't heard of, and they're like "Who are these guys?" So most people didn't know what to think of Faith No More, but they did turn a lot of heads.

Did they get a shitty crowd response? People booing, and spitting on them and stuff?

Oh, they weren't spitting on them, they're not that arrogant. Actually, they didn't "not like" them all that much, it seemed more like they didn't know if they "should like" them.

We get that kind of response too, sometimes. We get a lot of open-mouth kind of...

Yeah, they're still standing up at the front...

But they're not moving. Their jaws hit the floor like, "Huh?" But, that's cool.

Yeah, it's a reaction. It's not just "Oh great, another band," it's "What the fuck is this?"

It gets people interested.

So are you happy to be on Noise Records?

They've been great. They are a very good label. They're a label that is ready to take risks with new sounds, and they give us complete artistic freedom. They let us do exactly what we want.

It seems like they have a pretty wide variety of bands on the label.

They do. Definitely.

And the fact that they're both German and American helps you out too?

They're extremely big in Europe--they're one of the biggest "independent" labels over there. But here, they're pretty new. They're doing a great job so far.

What's MORDRED mean?

Mordred was the illegitimate son of King Arthur. In the band's early stages, our image was a medieval sort of thing. The songs were about medieval battles and stuff. The band grew out of that, but the name stuck with us.

Did you guys play Dungeons and Dragons?

Yeah.

It seems like a lot of people who are into metal/ underground music used to play Dungeons and Dragons. I don't know why.

That's funny. I believe that.

It's as if we did weird things when we were six years old, and we're still doing weird things when we're twenty.

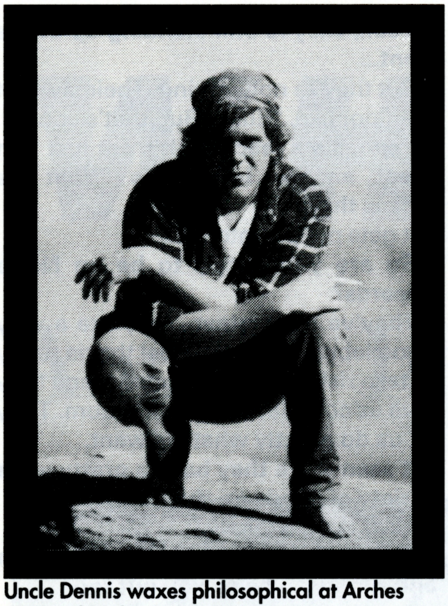
Yeah, really.

MORDRED
c/o Noise International
5 Crosby St.
NY NY 10013

UNCLE DENNIS'Z VIDEO PIT

with

SON OF VIDEO PIT



Uncle Dennis waxes philosophical at Arches National Park.

Film Reviews by Dennis McPherson and Jon Tucker

ALIEN NATION

There is really nothing new or original about this movie. It's a cop show with the regular Miami Vice storyline, except that all the characters are aliens. Aliens who immigrated to Earth 30 years ago, so by this time everything is normal and assimilated. There are regular blue-collar, drug dealing, club-owning, happy family aliens.

The storyline is around two police partners, one of which is a shy, quiet alien. The other is a tough, vulgar human cop. They are investigating a homicide case and as they dig deeper, they find a likely suspect in a top alien politician, who is trying to start an organized crime syndicate using a drug imported from the aliens' native planet.

The relationship between the two cops was entertaining, but there's nothing special about the alien effects or backgrounds. There's a few really good ideas in this film but basically it ends up to be LETHAL WEAPON starring Clint Eastwood and E.T.

-Jon Tucker

A RETURN TO SALEM'S LOT

This movie is a sequel to a Stephen King movie. This one is directed by Larry Cohen, whose previous work includes his baby-mutant monster movies IT'S ALIVE I, II, and III. Though it's not a King movie, they're still his characters. The story, written by Cohen, continues from the first and goes off in a different direction. This one is more of a racial-cultural vampire story.

The movie starts with a man and his son ending up in the town of Salem's Lot. In time they realise the entire community consists of vampires, save a few cops and coffin-guards who protect the vampire community.

The vampires want the man to write a story about them, and he agrees. Meanwhile they try to draw his son into the community by enrolling him in young-vampire night school. There are some fake scenes and the movie is pretty low-budget for this type of flick. I mean, the guy's son is turning into a vampire, and all Dad can suggest is a couple aspirin. But I still like the idea of a community gradually becoming vampires. Even though the movie doesn't live up to its predecessor, it's still good from a different point of view. And remember, if anyone you know is turning into a vampire, a little aspirin should do the trick.

-Jon Tucker

BAD TASTE

A gore-for-the-sake-of-gore movie, made on an incredibly low budget. The star of the movie, Peter Jackson, also produced, wrote, edited and created all the special effects for this movie. The other three main supporting actors were the cameramen when they weren't busy blasting aliens.

Seems human flesh has become the new intergalactic fast food delicacy, and the evil alien leader, Mr. Crumb of "Crumb's Crunchy Delights," and his band of brain-dead alien counterparts, have invaded a small town and packaged the occupants therein into convenient cardboard boxes ready for shipping to the intergalactic chain of fast food restaurants. The government, learning of the invasion, sends a four man team to investigate, with direct orders not to use violence when encountering the aliens. Oh well...from the word go this film is chock full of spewing streams of blood and internal organs, flying bits of brain tissue, dismembered limbs and chainsaw impalings. But believe it or not, the dry, Python-esque humour and the relentless bloodletting done in Python style make this a memorable movie. I laughed till it hurt.

The movie does have a few slow parts towards the middle due to a drawn out gun battle, but other than that it moves at a good gory pace. Definitely worth renting. Best viewed with a Just Say No sticker plastered on your forehead and a hooter tucked convincingly in the corner of your mouth.

-Uncle Dennis

CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS

Heck yeah! I was psyched when I saw this early 70's classic on the video shelf. I first saw this flick at the tender age of ten, and it left me crippled and scarred for life.

Alan Ormsby, who starred in, wrote and directed the film, was clearly following in the footsteps of an earlier horror classic, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Complete with pop-up flesh-eating corpses, strewn entrails, and lots of decomposing flesh running amuck.

The "pull someone off a street corner and put them in a movie" acting and never-ending one-liners really shape the movie as a whole, as do the background sound effects.

The cast of characters includes a corpse named Orville (who the kids befriend), two homosexual ghouls and assorted young adult actor types who are under contract with Alan the evil beatnik film director. After arriving on an old burial island and having a little prankish fun, the kids finally manage to wake the dead by reading passages from a book of spells and sprinkling the dried blood of unborn children on the graves.

In typical claw-their-way-to-the-surface fashion, the dead rise and wreak havoc on the group of young actors, who have now taken refuge in the caretaker's house. The movie is fairly predictable from this point on save for the surprise scene in the woods towards the end. Best viewed with a little green buddy and a fist full of Jack Daniels.

-Uncle Dennis

DEAD RINGERS

When you see the name David Cronenberg on the credits of a film, you know it's gonna be weird. Yet while Cronenberg is known for splatter greats like THE BROOD, SCANNERS, VIDEODROME, and THE FLY, DEAD RINGERS isn't rife with blood and slime. Rather it holds a mental horror like the underlying style of his previous work.

This, his latest film, is more of a psychological drama about emotional/sanity damage suffered by identical twin brothers who share genes, the same occupation, and the same woman. This combination brings them both to a gripping delirium. Even with the lack of gore the movie keeps your attention with the impeccable acting by Jeremy Irons and Cronenberg's excellent directing.

Highlights are the eerie, seance-like surgery scenes, with their blood-red doctor suits and painfully ancient surgical tools. The ending is somewhat predictable, but overall it's a well-done film that grips you and doesn't let go for some time afterwards.

-Jon Tucker

MISSISSIPPI BURNING

This cinematic masterpiece is based on a true story that took place in Mississippi in 1964. Rent this movie and check out what was going on with the civil rights movement in the 60's, and the bullshit that black Americans had to put up with. The senseless violence that was directed at the blacks from people with small minds can still be found in society today, e.g. rising innercity racial tension in NY, LA, Chicago, etc., and Klan marches in Tennessee and other parts of the south (and W.A.R./"skinhead" uprisings in Idaho, Dallas, on and on...-ed.) Read the newspaper. Watch the news. History repeats itself man. Hackman is incredible. Best viewed with an open mind.

-Uncle Dennis

TERROR IN THE AISLES

Narrated by Donald Pleasance, this is a best-of-horror movie, with clips from celluloid gore greats like HALLOWEEN, POLTERGEIST, CARRIE, THE SHINING, THE EXORCIST, ALIEN, PSYCHO, and hundreds of others. Plus it has interviews with Alf Hitchcock and other masters of the macabre.

The narration that accompanies the film clips is well done, not overdone, and it also includes some interesting facts on these films. For example, they go into a little detail about Ed Gein, who the character Leatherface was based on in the TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Not only was Mr. Gein a psychopath, he was a cannibal, a necrophile and a transvestite who dressed in womens' skins instead of their clothes.

This is a good video because it gives you the opportunity to reminisce the terror you felt the first time you saw the original movie. Who can forget the the transformation scene in AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON, the dental hygiene scene in MARATHON MAN, or the pea soup projectile vomiting in THE EXORCIST. Even though this film deals with the more popular horror movies of the past few decades, it's still effective, well done, and possesses the ability to make you think twice before going outside to see what that noise was. Best viewed sitting Indian style in a pair of tube socks, wearing boxers you borrowed from Pat Barber, your hand wrapped firmly around a fifth of Daviess County Whiskey.

-Uncle Dennis

THE UNNAMEABLE

This is another Howard Phillips Lovecraft story that's been made into a movie. You may be familiar with some of his other stories/movies, e.g. REANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND and THE DUNWICH HORROR. The thing you have to keep in mind while watching any of the aforementioned movies is when the original story was actually written. THE UNNAMEABLE was penned in 1923, REANIMATOR in 1921-22, THE DUNWICH HORROR in 1928 and FROM BEYOND in 1920. Read any Lovecraft you can get your hands on and I'm sure you'll agree he was an exceptional author who was way ahead of his time (uh...yes, I agree. -ed.).

THE UNNAMEABLE is the story of Winthrop House, the house where, a hundred or so years ago, Jonathan Winthrop was murdered and mutilated by the creature born of his wife. That's where the movie begins, then it jumps ahead to the present and we find that now, Winthrop House is supposedly haunted. There are two groups of college students who have an interest in the house. One group wants to disprove the theory that the old house is haunted. The other group is a bunch of wacky frat-bubbas and their girlfriends, who are casing the house for an upcoming fraternity event, and possibly an adolescent fondlefest in the dark.

The two groups of college students finally meet one another in the house, but not before meeting Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop's kid. We're not talking about yer run-of-the-mill retarded kid locked in a basement for a couple of years. This kid is from the bowels of Hell. He's hairy and he's pissed. The creature offs the college students one by one in classic horror show fashion until one of the gang stumbles onto a copy of the NECRONOMICON, and puts the power of the book to work.

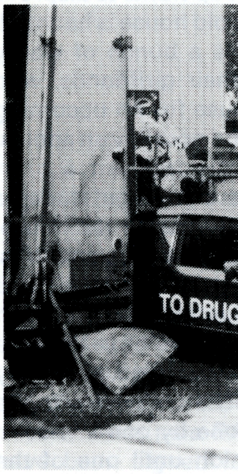
This film is a must-see, and any H.P. Lovecraft is a must read. Warning: may cause painful bladder spasms due to urine retention, cause you won't want to miss any of this movie to get up and go to the john. Best viewed with a six pack of Rolling Rock and any Chinese food out of a white paper box (wire handle optional).

-Uncle Dennis

NINETIES?

COMMENTS AND CONTEMPLATION ON THE PASSING OF

The 1990s are the most hyped up decade the world has ever seen, so much so that the actual truth has been hidden: that the 90's are merely a bad pregame warmup for the biggest hype ever: the DAWN OF A NEW MILLENNIUM. Chances are you've thought about it, but it hasn't really clicked yet. But now, do you realise what will happen in ten years? Yeah, it'll be a new decade. And oh boy, it'll be a new century. This is old news. What you're not ready for is that it will also be the close of a fleeting thousand year long period known as the MILLENNIUM. You thought the hype was bad already. Just wait five years, when everyone starts runnin tv ads about how they're the best this n that of the millennium. The term "thousand years" will be as commonplace as "black coffee" in th' higher echelons of prescribed thought. And don't try bookin' the QE2 for yer blowout party, cause it's ***already reserved***. Yep. You gotta start planning ahead. And we know that. So we've compiled here a few important things to consider for the next ten, hundred or thousand years...



The hippest thing so far about 1990 is the way it looks in roman numerals, which is why it's all over our stuff lately.

M C M

WHAT NINETIES?

LO, ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS...will this crazy time garbage ever stop?

ed th' head's

FUNKY MILLENNIUM FACTS

during this past mill:

there was no tv. The upshot of this is that while TV evangelists were rare, alternatives like the Crusades abounded.

America was a pretty nice place, except for the Mayans and all their freakin' malls.

Getting laid was easy - all you hadda do was start some rumour about a dragon who was out for virgin flesh.

People were using all sorts of different calendars, so last time the millenium dawned, no-one really knew it was going on; for that matter, the Euro-"year of our lord" types were still arguing about the length of months. Of course, we Hebes were already up to 4700 or so, and all this meandering is useless.

English-speaking people were a minority, and they spoke a language so far from what you think English is that it woulda been greek to you.

Everybody had long hair.

All books were duplicated by hand in dark caverns by monks who wore hair shirts.

That is, until Gutenberg came up with movable type, which is incidentally the most important event of the past thousand years.

No-one was dumb enough to build anything semi-permanent on 1. a beach 2. a fault line twice.

X C

RECORDS TO PLAY ON THE TURNTABLE AT THE PARTY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS

A miscellaneously assembled week-long party soundtrack (and not a "greatest records of the" so don't even start.). Compiled by Patrick Barber with suggestions from Anne Howe, Janet Billig, Gail Bennett, Mark Larez and Ed Th' Head.

We've still got ten years to plan this party, so if you've got any additions to this list, fess up. Ideally the party will be in a big house with at least ten sound systems, each in different rooms, for the maximum coverage of musical styles. Whaddya think?

IGOR STRAVINSKY "Le Sacre Du Printemps"
BLACK SABBATH "Masters Of Reality"
HUSKER DU "Candy Apple Grey"
JOHN LEE HOOKER "It Serve You Right To Suffer"
THE GODFATHERS "Birth School Work Death"
THE BIG BOYS "Lullabies Help The Brain Grow"
CREAM "Wheels Of Fire"
BUTTHOLE SURFERS "Psychic...Powerless...Another Man's Sac"
BLACK FLAG "Damaged"
SCHOENBERG "Survivor From Warsaw"
TOM WAITS "Blue Valentine"
ROBERT JOHNSON "King Of The Delta Blues Singers"
FRANK ZAPPA "Shiek Yerbouti"
PAULA ABDUL "Opposites Attract" 12", all six versions, over and over
MILES DAVIS "Bitches Brew"
THE DOORS first album
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY "Eye For An Eye"
RAY CHARLES "Modern Sounds In Country And Western Music"
PRINCE "1999" (duh. -ed)
PINK FLOYD "Piper at the Gates of Dawn"
ROLLING STONES "Out Of Our Heads"
LES PAUL AND HIS TRIO "Feedback"
HAYDN "Symphony Nr. 94"
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS first album
LOUIS ARMSTRONG "Ambassador Satch"
THIS IS BOSTON, NOT L.A. compilation
BYRDS "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo"
PUBLIC ENEMY "It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back"
BERLIOZ "Symphonie Fantastique"
MINUTEMEN "Double Nickels On The Dime"

REVIEWS

ACCUSED/MORPHIUS split 7"
EmPtY Records

The new ACCUSED tune "Brutality And Corruption" is standard splatter, though executed with less than the usual franticity. MORPHIUS rock heavily and fast; being on the b-side of an ACCUSED single is, I suppose, one way to guarantee a bit of fame. If you don't have this record already, then hurry up; it's bound to go up to five bucks pretty soon if i'm not mistaken.

-Ed th' Head

BAD BRAINS "Quickness" lp
Caroline Records

After a couple of years in limbo and solo projects, the Brains are back with a vengeance. As expected, this album is even more of a progression of their hardcore-reggae style; unlike older efforts where the styles were basically left to their own separate songs, this platter mixes them together freely, with dub chords dropped in amidst speed-funk-chunks with gleeful abandon. The lyrics are the usual Jah mission stuff, beyond me, i guess, but it's always wild to see how the singer convolutes all the "He is our deliverer, we shall grow" into gangling hardcore vocalisations. My fave song is "With The Quickness," with its drop-out funk roll and wailing guitar solo, and infectuous chorus. Close contenders are the detached, funky "Yout' Juice" and "The Prophet's Eye," which is almost (not quite) all reggae. The Bad Brains have been around since "Let Them Eat Jellybeans" and are still paving new ground for themselves; find another early 80's hardcore band that can say the same.

-Ed th' Head

BEASTIE BOYS "Paul's Boutique" lp
Capitol Records

How fuckin embarrassing. I always thought the Beastie Boys sucked. First they sucked as a punk band then they sucked as a reggae band and then they sucked as a pussy-assed white-chicks-go-crazy Rickrubinised rap band. So I didn't think I'd really have to wonder about the Beastie Boys anymore. Until I got this record, and played it (grimacing), and then played it again, and then, for like a week straight, all I listened to was the goddamn Beastie Boys. What's a self-respecting cynicritic to do? Other than subconsciously memorize most of the lyrics, that is. And spout out phrases without meaning to...standing in line at the grocery, getting two packs of Camels and a box of nonoxynol sponges, and suddenly bursting out with "Like Sam the Butcher/ Bringin' Alice the meat/ like Fred Flinstone/ Drivin around with bald feet" is not the way to meet friends in the express lane. So i give in. I like the new Beastie album. I really like it. The production (which is basically the performance when it comes to rap) is goddamn crystal clear, so full of different beats and images and sounds that the "novelty" of "Oh that's a beatles riff!" wears off because it becomes part of the song; which is what sampling is for, anyway. And no, they can't really rap yet, but they (notably MCA) are learning, and the lyric writing is excellent. They're not trying to be some b-boy phenom anymore, it's like they're happy with the fact that they live ridiculous, middle class white american li(v)es and they're writing songs about it. Hot tip doses be the hit "Shake Your Rump," the soon-ta-be hit "Shadrach" (a rap fest of Biblical proportions with a killer gospel-diva descending riff and the prizewinning line "Got more stories than J.D.'s got Salinger"), and "Year And A Day," an unpretentious little disco dance buried in the back of the record. Oh yeah, the double-gatefold full color (8-panel) record is a limited thing, supposedly. Imagine...a reason to buy vinyl. And th' damn thing runs about 55 minutes long. Not really a masterpiece, but then masterpieces generally spend less time on the turntable and more time in conversations amongst post-adolescent "visionaries" as they knock back overpriced caf) lattes in eurocentric dessert shops. "Paul's Boutique" is an anti-masterpiece, and a groovy one at that.

-Ed th' Head

BEATNIGS "Television" 12"
Alternative Tentacles Records

A bitchen dope-mix 12" w/mixology by Gary Clail and some other destructo-dance monsters. The BEATNIGS diss heavily on "television" (the drug of the nation), whilst crunching distorto-bass samples between big-ass thunk drums. Not rapping at all; more like a societo-political stream of consciousness piece read in a dance club. Along with the 12" mix and dub mix, there's a radio edit and the inevitable funky beats mix. The 12" mix is the most poignant lyrically. The dub is tasty but ephemeral; and the b-side is just there to fill space. Overall, a clearly stated message paired with some good hard electro-funk death.

-Patrick Barber

BOMB "Hits Of Acid" lp
Boner Records

I met my own true love at a BOMB show at the Grove in Denver, so they have provided the soundtrack for the last year and a half of my life...Dear sweet Jeezus these guys are the rhythm psychosis, they are the nacho cheese log in my fireplace...No-catchy-guitar-leads-blazing-like-Yin-Yang-Malmenschwartz-in-the-coal-bins-of-hell, just alliterative stream of consciousness that touches me...no, I mean touches me, man. They play music so thick you could paint with it, taste it...lick it. Love them like I love my pet gorilla, Flea-bag. Favorite line: "The muse is cheap, she'll sleep with anyone..."

-Ben Trissel

THE BRIDGE: A TRIBUTE TO NEIL YOUNG compilation lp
Caroline Records

A compilation album of bands doing Neil Young songs, with the proceeds going to benefit The Bridge, a Bay Area school for physically challenged children. Highlights are DINOSAUR JR.'s version of "Lotta Love," the PIXIES "Winterlong" (total cheezoid), and David and Rosanne Lindley's vocal duet on Henry Kaiser's "Needle and the Damage Done," which unfortunately segues into a windy version of "Tonight's The Night." Also interesting are Nick Cave's "Helpless" and "Captain Kennedy" by Nikki Sudden & the French Revolution. Biggest disappointments: SONIC YOUTH's "Computer Age" and the complete lack of "Powderfinger."

-Ed th' Head

BURNT OFFERING lp
Walkthrufyre Records

So what's new? Not too much here. Before me I have another typical thrash slab, with not too many surprises. This isn't bad, I mean, I've heard way worse. There's a bit of clarity on the singer's part, and the music has its moments. But still, aside from a cool riff here and there, nothing earthshattering or neck-craning.

-Bill Tressler

BUTTHOLE SURFERS "Widowermaker!" 12" ep

Touch & Go Records

For some reason I thought these guys were going to stop releasing records. So when I saw this in the store, I felt a kind of aching fear. Would it bite really hard? Even worse, would it only be ok? Well, who really knows anymore. The BUTTHOLEs are at a point now where the only way they can go wrong is if they repeat themselves. So the successes on here are "Booze, Tobacco, Dope, Pussy, Cars" (a party anthem, to be sure, showcasing their new Methamphetamine model Drum Machine), and "Bong Song," for its eerie digitized vocal sound and lulling, unsure fury. "The Colored FBI Guy" falls on its wiliting melodic ass. "Helicopter" is okay but not spectacular. And there ain't no more songs on the record, so overall I'm shootin' 50/50 on this one. With extra credit for the pretty cover art.

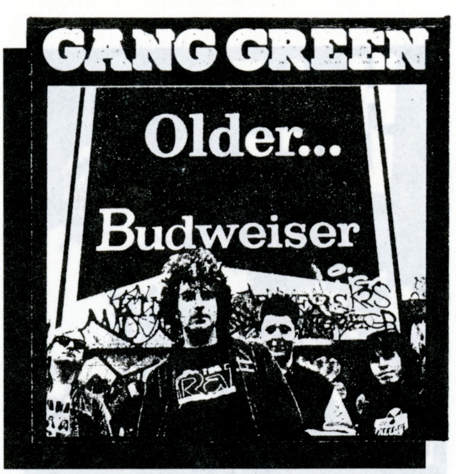
-Patrick Barber

DBC "Universe" lp

Combat Records

Kickass science-class oriented brilliance. Granted, you need a Ph.D. in prehistoric geology to understand the lyrics, but the music speaks for itself; heavily overlapped guitars and throat-cancer vocals with weird backing screams that sound like they're coming from across the street, along with spastic, intricate jazzdeathmetal drumming, all crashing together into a "concept" album about the rise and fall of the Universe. Fans of the first DBC will not be disappointed. The vocals are understandable even without a lyric sheet (but it's included anyway), so I summarize that if you possess the remedial intelligence of a blade of grass you'll scratch your head bald wondering "what the fuck?". Being a thrasher of intellect and taste, I can see what they're going for; but even brainless cretins will rock to DBC's twisted sonic outpourings.

-Bill Tressler



DEAD HORSE "Horsecore: An Unrelated Story That's Time Consuming" lp

Death Ride Records

A devastating 15-song barrage of balls-out speedthrash flavoured with Texas hot sauce and compelling lyricism. While DEAD HORSE sometimes go too fast for their own good, they're at their best when they're rolling along at a boot-snappin hardcore clip ("Forgive," "Flowers For The Dead"), or cranking out headslamming thunder ("Mindless Zombies"), or the occasional gee-whiz country spew ("Hank"). Sometimes it's like listening to a compilation tape..."Mindless Zombies" sounds like a rippin' metal song, and then "Adult Book Store" sounds like a Belgian grindcore anthem. The lyrics sometimes lash at politico-social stuff, as in the no-nazi "Mindless Zombies," the gloomy, apocalyptic "World War Whatever", and the concise, powerful "Piece Of Veal": "saucy red/ sauerkraut/ butterknife pushed into my mouth/ just because im a/ piece of veal." That's the whole song. Then there's songs like "Scottish Hell," "Flowers For The Dead," and "Too Close To Home," all of which bear ethereal, gruesome death images that are somehow sad rather than evil. Overall, this record is one of the most impressive I've seen from a totally independent band that's doing it all themselves. So buy it already. Oh, and beautiful color cover.

-Patrick Barber

DISTURBED "This Is Credibility...." 7" ep

Real World Records

Scottish political three-chord thrash, intended to raise your level of consciousness, not your playing ability. I used to thrive on this material but musically it falls short. I still admire the direction and savvy of these civil dissidents who realize that free will is still the foundation of alternative music.

-Bryan Davis

EVILDEAD "Rise Above" 12" ep

RC Records

What I can't figure is why, on their first major release, would a band want to waste a whole side on tired cover songs. This cover song trend is getting somewhat outta hand. The songs in question are a particularly wilting version of BLACK FLAG's "Rise Above" (a song which cannot be played properly with muffled, ultraclean guitars...in fact if you even *look* at your frets while playing, it kinda spoils the effect) and a really unnecessary "cover" of the riff from "Institutionalized," easily the most overplayed hardcore song ever.

The b-side is humbly occupied by two original songs, both of which show a lot of potential. "Run Again" has some cool guitar-melodo-solos. "Sloe Death" just fuckin rips, really fast, cool intro. Now why didn't they put two more originals on the other side?

-Ed th' Head

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY "23" lp

Buy Our Records

The cover sez "17 new punk anthems" and they ain't fuckin kidding. Flailing, kneejerk hardcore spazz at its finest; and a damn hard thing to find nowadays. It's like these guys slept through the whole either-go-metal-or-hark-back-to-your-sixties-roots phenom a couple years back; they think wacko hardcore craziness is still hip, fer chrissake. Maybe it is, and we're all justa buncha stupes. The speed and reckless abandon displayed on songs like "All That You Need" and "Pop Goes The Weasel," to name a few, confirm F.O.D.'s greatness. It's almost ominous to think that an album like this could be a blast from the past (i.e. the early/mid 80's) but if you're thirstin' for some good pure hardcore adolescent fury, or if you're wondering what the hell I'm ranting about, look no further.

-Ed th' Head

GANG GREEN "Older...Budweiser" lp

Emergo Records

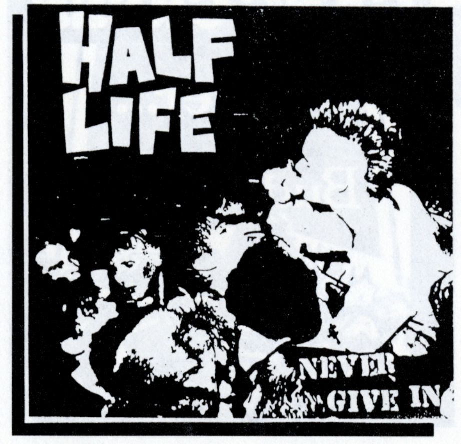
As far as cross-over goes, this is better than DRI's "Thrash Zone" by a long shot. But I get pretty intense on the subject of selling out your principles for a more successful status (e.g. DRI) so automatically my opinion is biased. I guess you should ask any long-time punk to compare "Older...Budweiser" to past GANG GREEN albums, and then maybe you'll get a qualified opinion. To me, it sounds like old AC/DC with a talker instead of a singer. "Ballad" rules! [I've never really thought of myself as a "long-time punk," but I guess I'll do...while this album (like most albums) totally pales in comparison to GANG GREEN's godlike contributions to the "Boston Not L.A." comp of eons back, it rocks hard nonetheless; and anyway, if they still sounded like they did in 1983, life would be much too boring and predictable. Dig? -ed.]

-Bill Tressler

GRISLY FICTION "Scrape Face" lp
Community 3 Records

...a tight, diverse sound; stompin drums, spaz-oid arrangements, multiple moan/vocals. Sometimes rockin and flailin, sometimes dark and nasty. "History" pounds through a rockin verse with seething guitars and lyrical bass, then trips into a swift, deliberate softness for about two bars, buildinng back into the confused, angry chorus. "Outside" rambles psychedelically wah wah then goes to cheezy harmony vocals, leaping briefly into spastic madness. Other hot tips are the self-explanatory goneness of "Free-Jam" and the melodic, unstable "Cows." Sometimes thick and harsh, sometimes scared and howling, GRISLY FICTION is perhaps even stranger than the ugly truth.

-Patrick Barber



HALF LIFE "Never Give In" lp
Skyclad Records

Heavy straightforward punk fucking rock that toys with 77-ish rockin' juice ("Go Down Fighting"), no-shit hardcore ("Information We Get"), and some of their own touch, the best of which are the pounding, dirgey "Victory To The Killer" and the similar "Crawling." The lyrics are yer basic US HC fodder, with the exception of "Crawling," which catches my eye as a doomy desert-solitaire tale. A promising lp from a band who clearly have their shit together, and the beginnings of a cool style.

-Patrick Barber

HICKOIDS "Waltz Across-dress Texas" 12" ep
Toxic Shock Records

What's the matter, little feller, aint ya never seen a cross-dresser before? Holy fuck kids, I done think I found my gods! Yep, that's right, Hick-mutha-fuckin'-oids!! These boys'll done butter yer neck-tie like no yeller-bellied sap-suckin' hog-swindlin' buckaroos never

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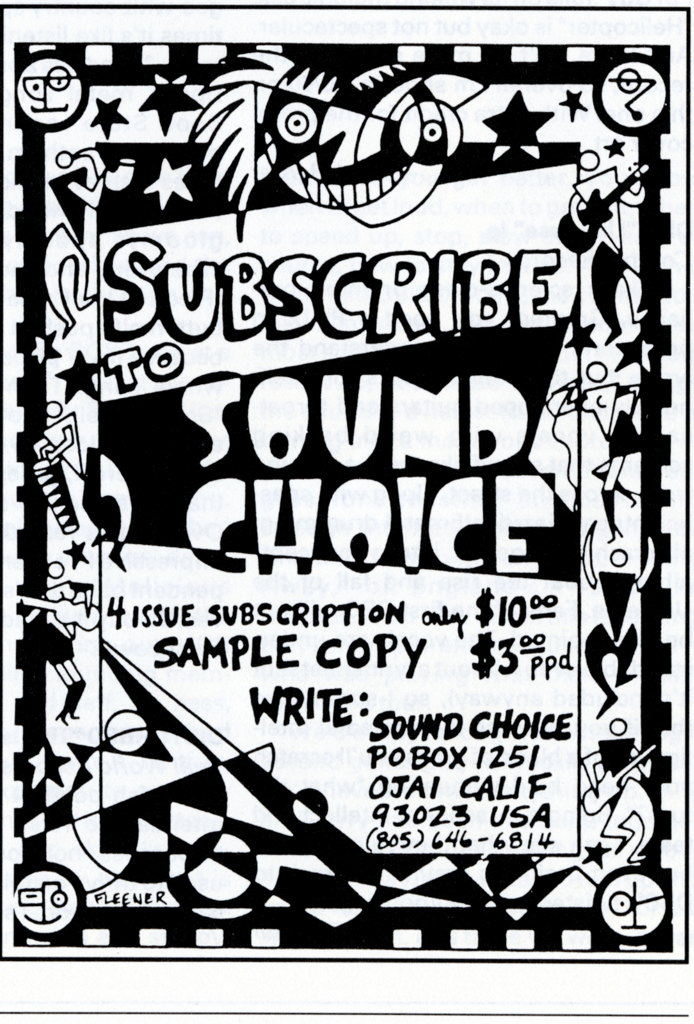
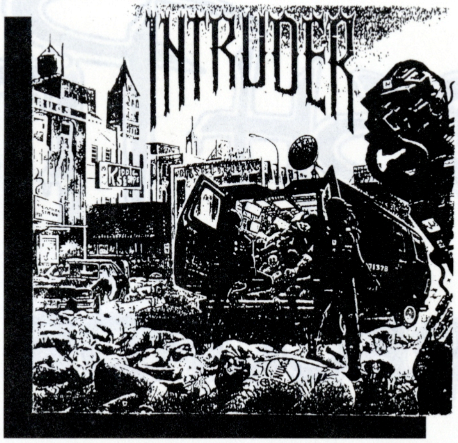


buttered before! I mean, sheer fuckin' brilliance! After living in a hick town in these parts called Calhan for three months, I can take all the redneck-ridicule I can get my hands on. And these dudes have their share of that. The rec starts out with an instant classic, "Queen Of The Bar-b-q," then the strange food-tale "Pennsylvania Mexican," and "There Stands The Glass"(the only song with too much "hick," not enough "oid")[I think it's a George Jones cover -ed.], "Toothpick Man," and (only on the tape) one hellish cover of "Green Acres." Side two begins instrumentally with "Jumping Bean Bolero," and ends with the most righteous song on the record, "Git Back In The Truck." Remember, if you take this seriously, you'll probably curse this review, but if you listen with an open mind and a sense of humor, you'll fuckin' love it!

-Bill Tressler

INTRUDER "A Higher Form Of Killing" lp

Metal Blade Records



Heavy metal with a brain and a sense of humour. Nashville's INTRUDER bust out with a powerful collection of tunes, musically tight. The production lags at points (over done leads, drum domination over guitars), but the playing and arrangement demand attention. Lyrically focused on tales of genocide and chemical warfare, with an air of fear for our planet and disgust for the war criminals we call elected officials. Of course it's been done, and will continue to be. INTRUDER at their best do it with style and some righteous energy. Hot tips: "Killing Winds," "Agents Of The Dark," and their stupe-oid version of "Stepping Stone." Watch for INTRUDER on tour.

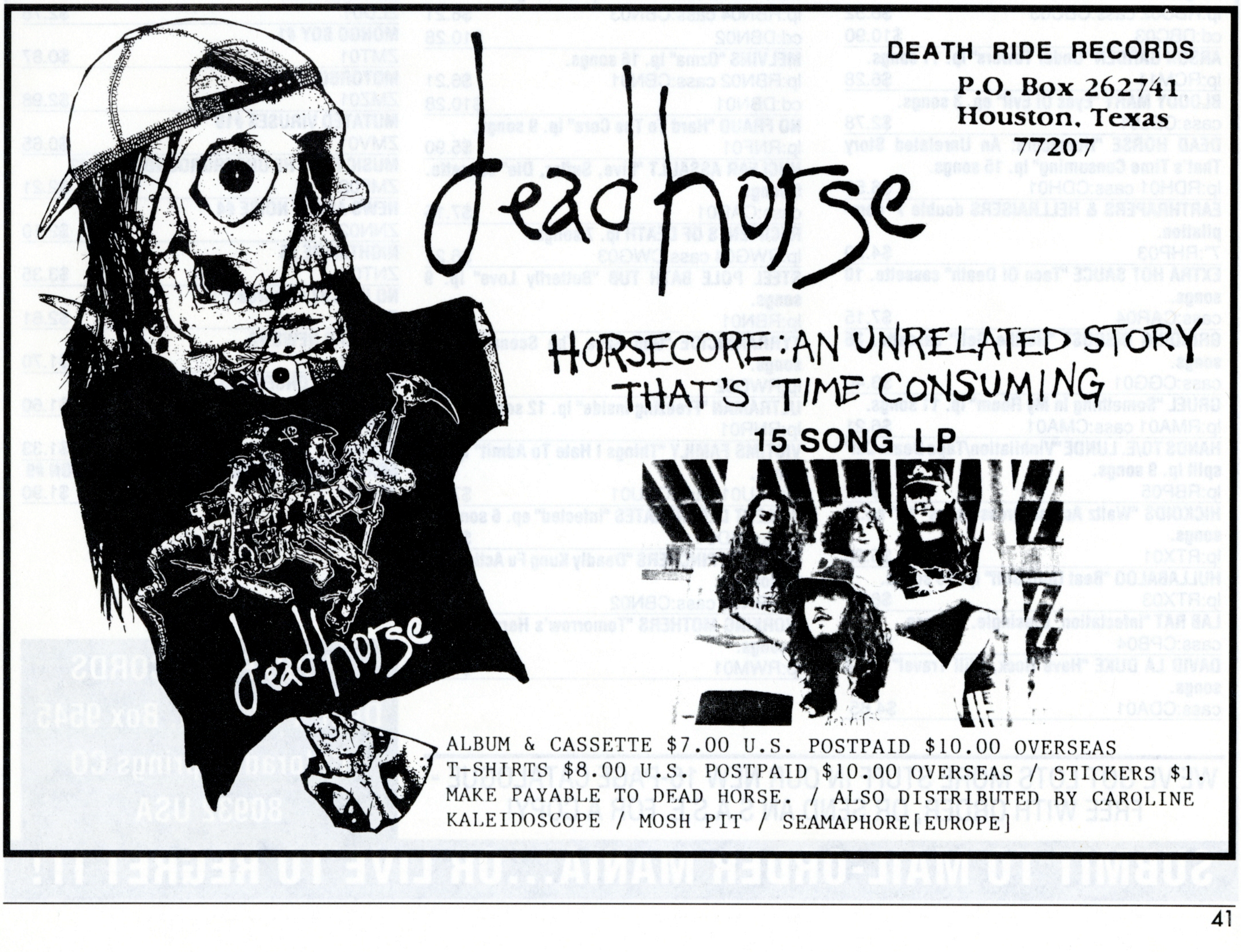
-Patrick Barber

KING DIAMOND "Conspiracy" lp

Roadracer Records

The infamous storyteller of bad dreams within asylum walls. "Conspiracy" is yet another chapter in the Diamond saga of a madman and his mother (who just won't give him a rest). Diamond is the unrivaled king of horror story heavy metal, complete with church organ syndrome reviving classic themes from vintage monster movies. King is the phantom of the opera, twisting his voice to personify his cast of characters. Accompanied by cutting-edge guitar playing to match his stained-glass-shattering vocals. Intricacy and creative deviation have become Diamond's trademarks. Make sure mother isn't listening!

-Bryan Davis



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Pit #5 advertisement/spring 1990

KING T "Act A Fool" lp
Capitol Records

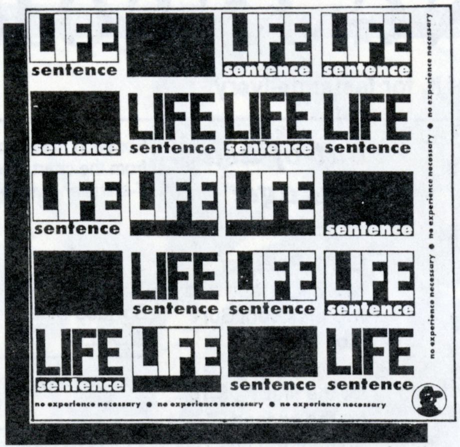
Maybe this would sound a little bit better if the new Beasties wasn't around to shadow over it. Decent (if only honest) lyrics, o.k. beats, etc., but geez, the whole time it sounds like the guy's in the studio for the first time, standing there nervously holding his headphones and trying to get really into it. Maybe later. Maybe not.

-Ed th' Head

KRYST THE CONQUEROR limited edition ep
Cyclopean Music

Unknown to many (except avid PIT readers, who are always in the know -ed.), KRYST THE CONQUEROR is the mastermind of ex-MISFITS Jerry Only (bass) and his brother Doyle (guitar). I received an advance cassette of their limited edition ep (a prelude to their upcoming album "Deliver us from Evil") and it rocks beyond imagination. Although it may sound more like IRON MAIDEN than the MISFITS, the songs are tight, melodic, and - most of all - catchy. Whilst DANZIG has been crooning on MTV, KRYST has been working up some powerful hard rock. I think this release will take you back a step.

Bryan Davis



LEATHERFACE "Cherry Knowle" lp
Meantime Records

Crunchy, gut-squishin heaviness w/a cool rockin' edge and a vocalist who sounds like Lemmy crossed with the guy from ANGELIC UPSTARTS. Melodic structures build between the guttural singing and the guitarist's modulation from powerchord riffs to infectuous melodo-rhythms. Their cover of "In The Ghetto" (Elvis, thank you) is rockin' like shit and a laugh too. The originals sometimes sound like new MOTORHEAD songs, which is not possibly a bad thing ever if done properly.

-Patrick Barber

LIFE SENTENCE "No Experience Necessary" lp
Walkthrufyre Records

I was never really too hip on what wuz going on w/LIFE SENTENCE for a while there...thank god they finished up with the lawsuit b.s. and got another lp out though. The guitarist on this one is the only one who played on the first lp, but the new guys obviously llistened to it a lot because they cop the style completely and they do it well. The drummer rips shit, he's all over the place constantly. The bass player has a quirky style of his own, an individual sound different from the last bassist. The guitarist still kicks booty too.

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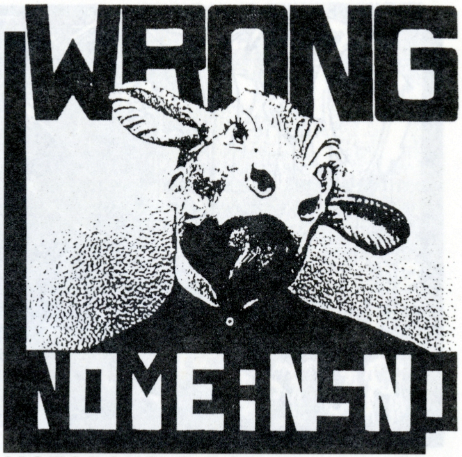
Not really any intense Musical Development going on here but it shreds at least as hard as the first record and the recording is lots better and clearer. I missed them live but I heard they ruled, of course. Live music just plain fucking is god anyway.

-Ed th' Head

MOSS ICON "Mahpiua Luta" 7"
Vermin Scum Records

A thoughtful, logical followup to their amazing debut 7". Moving from hollow acoustic sounds to a pounding guitar-fuzz/megaphone diatribe on one side, tripping their way through a dirgey, thumping power anthem on the other side. There seems to be an underlying theme here about Native American suffering and loss, but since I'm not sure which song is which, this theme doesn't get in the way at all; in fact I'm not even sure it's really there. Still, strange, poetic lyrics mashed in with groovin', semi-depressing music.

-Patrick Barber



MOTORCYCLE BOY "Feel It/One Punch" 7"
Flipside Records

Two short, simple garagey rock tunes. If I didn't know this was a new record I'd assume it was some old Stooges demo tape. It's authentic, from the up-front, nearly-distorted vocals to the fuzzy guitar-bass sludge and flanger solos. "Feel It" totally rocks, while "One Punch" doesn't quite take off. On aqua vinyl.

-Ed th' Head

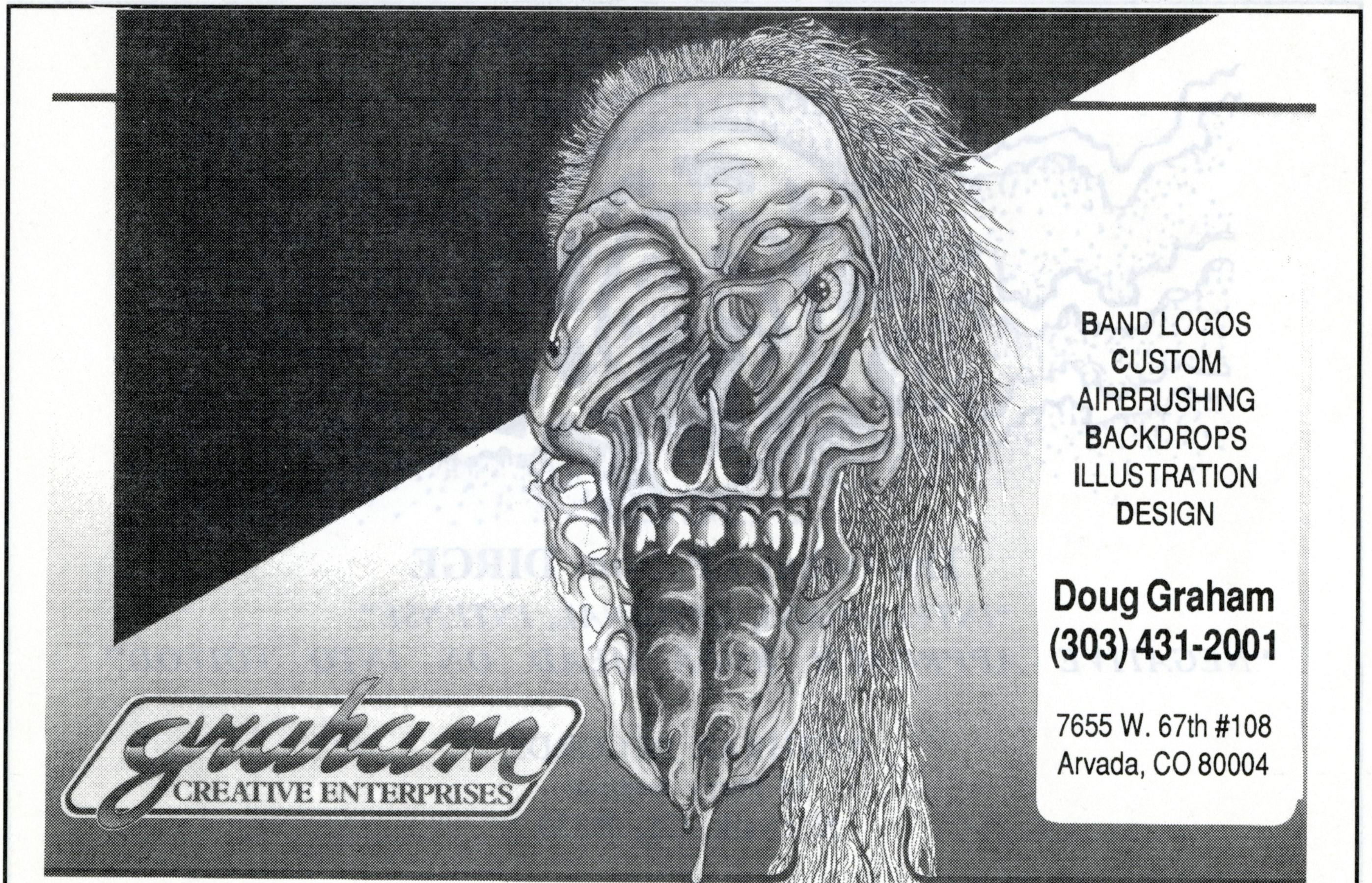
MOTOR MORONS 7"
Flipside Records

Detached, gloomy funk-rock-trash with power tools and ground metal filings used as percussion/rhythm, in harmony with the standard guitar/bass stuff, topped off with a dry female vocalist. Fascinatingly weird. Sounds at times like the BUSH TETRAS jamming with EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN. On heavily collectable purple vinyl.

-Patrick Barber

NOMEANSNO "Wrong" lp
Alternative Tentacles Records

The only hard raw band i've ever heard to use the guitar as a secondary instrument. From what I've heard, the bassist & drummer played for two years before even *itching* for a guitarist, and it's easy to see why. The bass is fucking thick like a wall, played like a giant rhythm/melody thing, locked in combat with the amazing drums, boogyin' and snapping, crashing like hardcore then funking like go-go. Or both at once. Yeah, the guitar shows up a lot, but the bass carries the power most of the time.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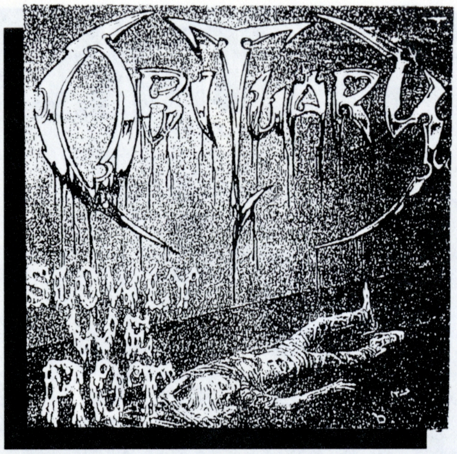
"Big Dick" is one song where the guitar doesn't do a thing; the whole song is carried by the intense bassline and the yelled/harmonised vocals. Oh yeah, vocals, these guys have a hella choir backing them up sometimes..."End Of All Things" is practically goddamn operatic..."Rags And Bones" ends with a poignant choral/harmony sound. I hate comparisons but these guys really do sound like a combo of MINUTEMEN, BOMB and HUMAN THERAPY sometimes.

-Patrick Barber

OBITUARY "Slowly We Rot" lp
RC Records

Grimacing, gnashing, ugly death rotting metal. Slow puked-up vocals, guitar-dominant fuzz wall of sound with galumphing drums. OBITUARY sound a lot better grinding along at a gristly pace than when they speed up and get rockin. At higher speeds the fuzz and evil is lost. A young band, and a somewhat ephemeral album. Necessary for death-sludge fans.

-Ed th' Head



SABBAT "Dreamweaver" lp
Noise International Records

Whoa nelly! Pretty fuckin' shred-fast! This being my first time hearing SABBAT, I'm pretty fuckin' impressed! I twinge slightly, being in a band and all, that these guys are competition to be reckoned with. But who gives a fuck? Thrash isn't an intense back-stabbing competition, so I'll support em all the way! Hot album cover, kick-ass musicianship, and 100% heavy, buzz-saw thrash. Killer production to boot. SABBAT has just gained a killer review and a die-hard fan.

-Bill Tressler

SEPULTURA "Beneath The Remains" lp
RC Records

Though this is their first US release, "Beneath The Remains" is SEPULTURA's third lp, and the experience really shows. The production, arrangements and execution are at an all-time high. The songs are brutal and devastating while totally in control...as the bio said, "raw and polished." Pure fucking thrash, with smooth breaks and transitions, gruff vocals and an eerie edge when they want it. The title cut starts with a delicate acoustic bit, then dives full throttle into ripping speed-thrash. "Has almost an INCUBUS-like spazz," said one Bill Tressler. Indeed, members of INCUBUS, OBITUARY and ATHEIST join in on backing vocals on "Stronger Than Hate." Other highlights are "Primitive Future" and "Mass Hypnosis." Easily the best thrash album of the year.

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PRIMARY CONCERN

Hey Bozo Posi-core Punk Rock Metal Motherfuckers – Guess What? PRIMARY CONCERN #4 is OUT! Oi Oi Oi! Ho Ho Ho! This issue features NO INTERVIEWS (sorry, look elsewhere if all you want to read about is your fave bands), massive coverage of the Nov. 12 Pro-Choice Rally in D.C., details from an indepth discussion with Steve Martin on censorship and it's place at Combat and In Effect Records, lots of commentaries and opinions, tons of humor and slagging, a big round up of underground movie reviews, an article on Dario Argento and the movie SUSPIRIA, survey results, lots of record, demo, and 'zine reviews plus a review of a medical museum, tons of photos of bands like ACCUSED, DIEHARD, JESUS LIZARD, SHEER TERROR, SO MUCH HATE, etc.etc., beautiful layout with laserprinted type (unlike in this ad) and all kinds of crazy shit contained in a mammoth 72 fucking pages (half page format). If it takes you less than 20 hours to read then your name must be Evilyn Wood or something. Not sure what else to tell you but if 'zines like "Satanic Metal Orgasm", "Straight Ahead Kevinsted Mosh Crew Pride", or "Grinding Oscar Meyer Death Weenies" are a little too cliche, unopinionated, and unoriginal for you, send me your money instead. Speaking of which, P.C. #4 is only $1.00 U.S. and $2.00 Overseas air mail. Catch is, $.50 from each issue benefits the National Coalition Against Censorship. I'm waiting to hear from you. Marc Fischer, 234 Lloyd lane, Phila., PA 19151

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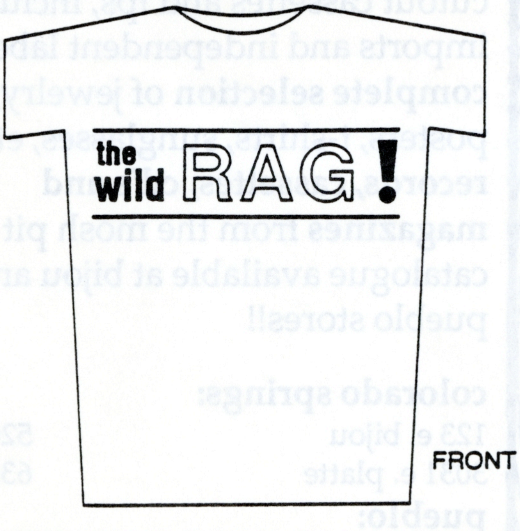

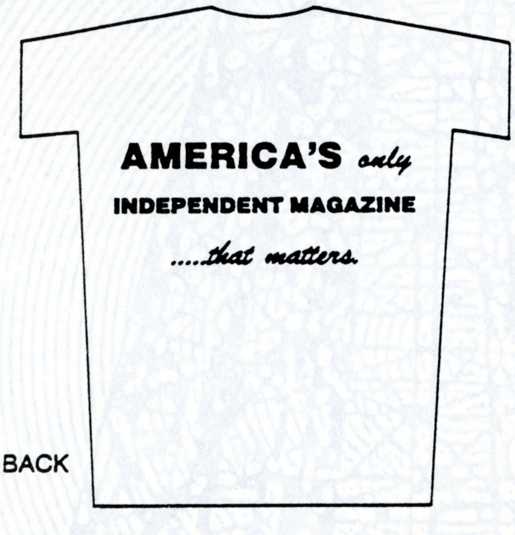

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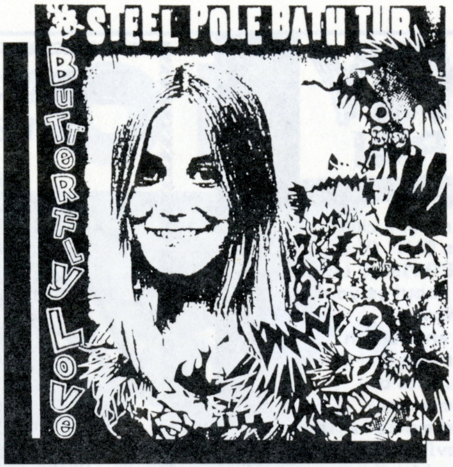
-Patrick Barber

SNAKE NATION lp
Caroline Records

A side-project type gig with Woody and Mike from CORROSION OF CONFORMITY and cartoonist/buddy Brian Walsby on drums. Pretty goddamn eclectic shit, almost improv at points. Mike plays some driving funk-throb bass that sounds really different from his other stuff but still carries his godlike style. Same with Woody: his voidoid ginn-esque guitar is in a different context/style but bleeds on regardless. The drummer is okay; I guess I'm spoiled by Reed. However this is mostly totally unlike C.O.C. and if I didn't know who they were (and if I hadn't been listening to them since 1984 when they played in a tiny Colorado Springs basement bar and stayed at my mom's house), this record would strike me as an interesting first effort from an ominous, heavy rock/anger-jazz band. It's always cool to hear familiar musicians wander through unfamiliar territory, and this time, some of it works.



-Patrick Barber

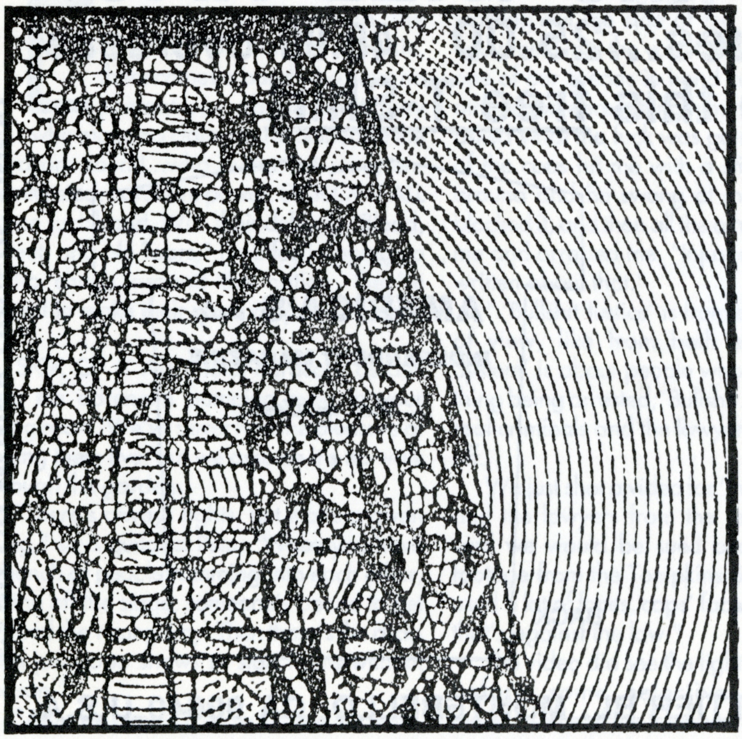
SOUNDGARDEN "Louder Than Love"
A&M Records

Big long fucking hairy music with psychoflowery drone guitar/vocal squeals...an album title half-kiped from a BLUE CHEER record...SOUNDGARDEN is really close to procuring the Hippest Hippys in the Universe title, I know. Nonetheless, they rock big shit & demand glorious praise, esp. live but also regarding the record in question; namely the twistoid grind of "Gun," th' barbiturate savoir faire of "Full On Kevin's Mom" (including heart-shaking Reprise), and the ridiculous hipness of "Big Dumb Sex." I imagine the vocalist's melodic scream style is th' source of the annoying comparisons to th' fuckin CULT & LED ZEPPELIN, tho it only gets that squeaky a coupla times. Overall the singer's wail & all the rest of the sounds in SOUNDGARDEN plug out one o' the juiciest grunts in a good while. Anyway I'm fucking tired of coming all over this record, so why don't you do it. See them live too, please.

-Patrick Barber

STEEL POLE BATH TUB "Butterfly Love" lp
Boner Records

Nightmarish fuzz-drone sex rock juice fuck anthem noise. MOSS ICON jamming with WHITE ZOMBIE doing a BUTTHOLE SURFERS medley. Tape loops combined with overdriven instruments, evil paranoid lyrics and a voice or two STRAIGHT FROM HELL. Finger fuckin' god, as their t-shirt sez. Gripping then



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mesmerizing. Easy to like, hard to listen to. "Bee Sting" grasps itself by the throat and chokes, slowly, ending in a loop groove of sampled grunts. "Thru The Windshield Of Love" is a cheezy Lovin Spoonful gone mad song, sporting some of the best lyrics of the decade ("It's nothing a bullet won't cure she said"). It's rumoured that soon STEEL POLE and the WARLOCK PINCHERS will do battle to determine just who reigns supreme...if these two bands become the next big thing, I'll start going to synagogue again.

-Ed th' Head

STRAW DOGS "Man In The High Tower/Do Or Die" 7"
Gawdawful Records

A blistering pair of hits from the STRAW DOGS, who apparently have more members of the FU's than I thought. "Man In The High Tower" is a powerful, heavily delivered diatribe regarding friends and their intrinsic usefulness, showcasing the singer's very-large vocal style. "Do Or Die" is a sorta-anthemic bit, a decent punkrock song with an acoustic intro and great guitar solo stuff. On pretty red vinyl.

-Patrick Barber

TAD "Salt Lick" ep
Sub Pop Records

Just by looking at the promo pic of Tad (a name shared by the band and the guitarist/vocalist), it is apparent that this 300-pound ex-butcher-gone-HC is a trippin' motherfucker. The music, in its explosive puked-up grunge-Sabbath fury, proves his radiant heaviness. He may have more chins than a Chinese phone book, but put aside, Tad is a ton of statement. The singing is executed with classic gargle-dem-razor-blades style. The only drawback is the repetitiveness of the songs...it comes off as one long song with short breaks. Too much for hit-oriented radio to stomach, but doubtless a staple of any self-respecting grunge-head's diet.

-Bill Tressler

TYRRANNICIDE "God Save The Scene" lp
Whirling Dervish Records

A creative, well-done debut lp that explores TYRRANNICIDE's tight, heavy sound along with their killer vocal style. The singer sounds way hardcore and snotty, and I can understand most of the words (there's a sheet enclosed too).

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The most interesting thing this rec does is combine screaming metal riff-juice with group-howled hardcorish vocals, and the effect is powerful and unique. The songs flow naturally from Slooow to Real Fast in a flailin' speedthrash frenzy.

-Ed th' Head

ULTRAMAN "Freezing Inside" lp
New Red Archives Records

Serious punkarocka from St. Louie. Twelve songs executed in anger and insanity. Produced by the ever-omniscient Tom Lyle of GOVERNMENT ISSUE, and I guess it shows...not like these guys sound like GI but the recording's similar. The vocalist has a style that switches freely from melodic to scream, and there's some interesting background vocal weirdness going on too. The lyrics are strange stories and wordjams. Sometimes the music seems to tire of itself, and get bored. The in-your-face songs, "Eggboy," "Time Is Now," and "Axe," for example, are my favorites. Saw these guys jam w/ WHOPPERS TASTE GOOD at Gate Ten when the show fell through. They're amazing live.

-Patrick Barber

ULTRAMAN
FREEZING INSIDE

VICTIM'S FAMILY "Things I Hate To Admit"
Mordam Records

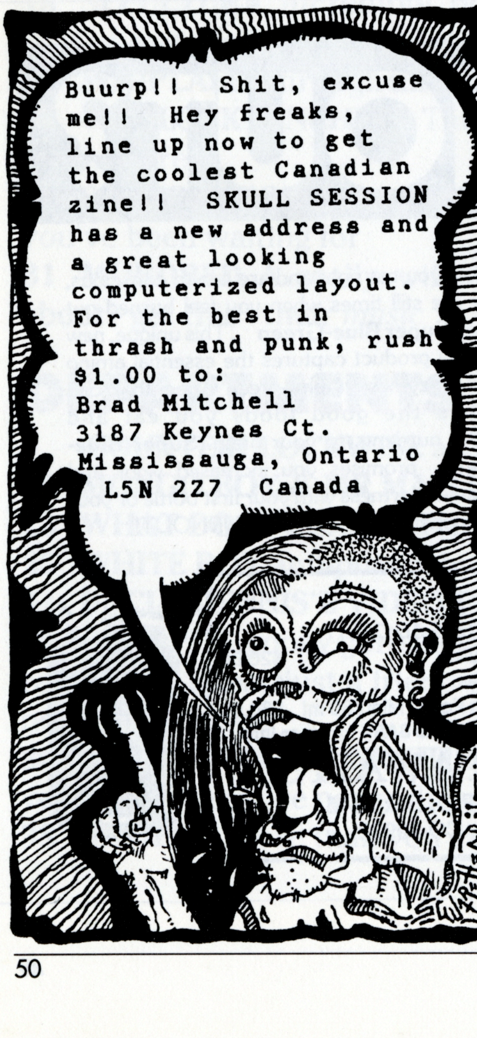
I can really respect a band that sounds like Art Blakey with a huge chip on his shoulder. This is jazz for the nineties, this is the logical conclusion to the work of Blake, Parker, Duke Ellington and Count Basie. These guys are a Big Band trio that make me want to jitterbug in broken glass. This is what happens when jazz fusion has a melt-down. Masters of bitchin time changes and out-of-control guitar licks, these guys write some incredible songs...lyrics that will tear your head off and force feed you social convention until your heart explodes.

-Ben Trissel

WHITE ZOMBIE "God Of Thunder" 12" ep
Caroline Records

A three-song single with the KISS song "God Of Thunder" on the a-side; the b-side is occupied by "Love Razor" and a re-recorded version of "Disaster Blaster." The KISS song is pretty good; I didn't recognize it but it sure sounded like KISS. "Love Razor" is a galumphing, chooka-chooka kinda tune, crisply recorded and executed. "Disaster Blaster" is a choppy, pounding growler, enhanced by a better recording this time around. Actually the recording quality on this disc is one of the most interesting things about it; I've never heard Ivan's drumming with this clarity. Another cool thing is the way in which tapes/recorded voices are used, not just in between songs but in them and amongst them, with satisfying results. Now when are these guys gonna tour?

-Patrick Barber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WORKING MOTHERS "Tomorrow's Here" 12" ep
Vagrant Records

At first bite, this wax pie tastes like rich, heavy punk rock w/a RAMONES tabasco hint. Goes down nice and smooth. One o' those things that leaves you satisfied and wanting more, and you can suck little bits out of your teeth for hours. Best accompanied with clover club barbq potato chips and a cigarette, consumed simultaneously with both hands.

-Patrick Barber

WRATHCHILD AMERICA "Climbin' The Walls" lp
Atlantic Records

I saw these guys live a long time ago, and they shredded serious balls. Now, finally, after a year of dealing with British cross-dressers WRATHCHILD over the name, WRATHCHILD (America) have released their debut lp. I remember them being a bit more thrashy, but they still have a fuckin' groove that won't quit. The high point of WRATHCHILD AMERICA is their balls-out hair-flying-everywhere live show. I couldn't fuckin' believe the energy of it. They also possess the longest thanx list (which our own EXPATRIATE made) in fuckin' history. If you get a chance to see them live, do it! If not, then just stagnate in a state of unfulfillment.

-Bill Tressler

XENTRIX "Shattered Existence" lp
RC Records

When I first saw the name, I thought it said "Eccentrics," then I read the bio, which stated that the name is pronounced "Zen-trics." No matter how you say it, XENTRIX (from Lancashire, England) are one of the best bands that I've heard from Roadracer (and I've heard most all of them). Honest and intelligent lyrics conducted without pretentious political rhetoric, taken more from the point of a personal observation. This debut album has the timing and execution of a "seasoned veteran" metal act. The arrangements vary in composition, although consistent in the "rise and fall" method of mid-tempo to thrash and back again; a style patented by METALLICA. XENTRIX take speed-metal out of the death and dismemberment circus; not only masterful artisans of metal, they are also believable in their stance.

-Bryan Davis

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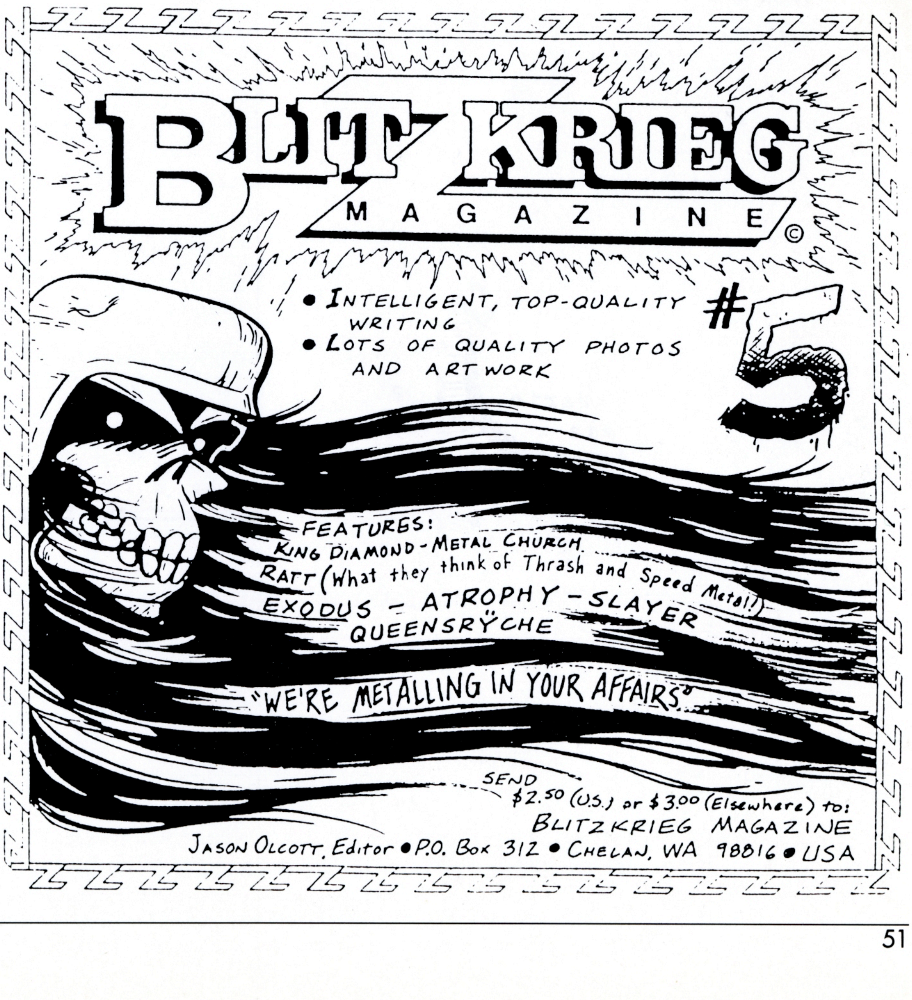
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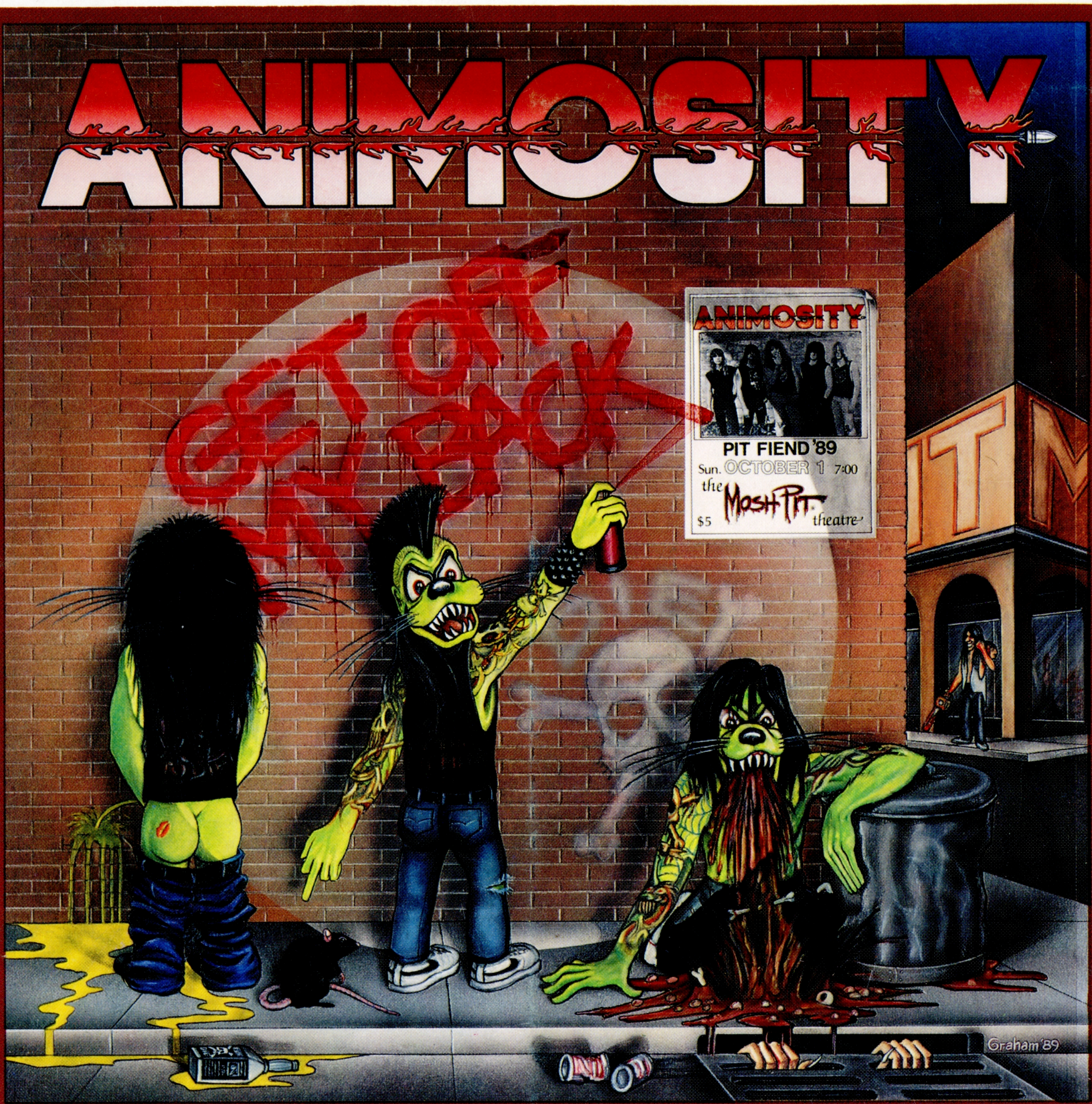
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